GRACE
EN
AFFIE
Sir William Grace, Bart.

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EN
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Sir William Grace, Bart.

Scarce.

FINE PLATES BY ESDALL

1249 of 6

k Clarisse de Florian (J. P.)

GALATEA

A

Pastoral Romance;

IMITATED FROM

CERVANTES

BY M. DE FLORIAN.

Translated by an

OFFICER.

Eftaill Sc.

DUBLIN,
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BRITISH MUSEUM

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

CAROLINE,

COUNTESS OF PORTARLINGTON.

I.

THE timid muſe that courts the penſive ſhade,
Or fringed ſtream, where ſtill ſhe loves to dwell,
Breathes her ſoft ſong in ſolitary glade;
Or culls wild flow'rets in the tangled dell.

II.

Say, ſhould ſhe now in buſy ſcenes appear,
Where critic eyes ſhall dart their glances keen;
Will ſhe not miſs the ever partial ear,
Sigh for her lonely haunts, and thickets green?

III.

Yet not to flatter wealth ſhe ventures forth,
Nor to her lays do wealth, nor power belong,
She fondly turns her eyes where native worth,
Without a bluſh may claim her artleſs ſong.

IV.

If Virtue claims the muſe in every age,
(If anceſtry, a long, illuſtrious line;)
If gentle manners that all hearts engage,
Her genuine voice PORTARLINGTON is thine.

Beneath

V.

Beneath thy dome fair Science holds a place,
The ſiſter arts thy leiſure hours refine,
One guides the pencil with unrivall'd grace,
One ſtrikes the harp with harmony divine.

VI.

Yet thy lov'd children moſt attract thy care,
To theſe, the tender thought is conſtant led;
While the domeſtic virtues wreaths prepare,
And their mild luſtre ſtill around you ſhed.

VII.

From foreign climes behold a rural maid
A beauteous ſtranger lifts to thee her eyes,
Duteous ſhe bends the knee, and ſeeks thine aid,
And on thy fond maternal care relies.

VIII.

She calls thee parent, vent'ring to demand,
Thy fondeſt care by this endearing name,
Where taſte and talents take her by the hand,
She feels protection and ſhe hopes for fame.

DUBLIN,
Aug. 10, 1791.

THE

LIFE OF CERVANTES.

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA, whoſe writings have thrown a luſtre over Spain, amuſed Europe, and corrected his century, lived poor, unfortunate, and died almoſt forgotten; we were ignorant till within theſe few years, of the true place of his birth.

Madrid, Seville, Lucene and Alcala, diſputed this honour with each other; thus Cervantes, like Homer, Camoens and many other great men, found ſeveral countries after his death, and wanted neceſſaries during his life.

The Spaniſh academy under the protection of its ſovereign, has at length rendered the memory of Cervantes that homage which Spain has owed him for too long a time; they have publiſhed a ſplendid edition of Don Quixotte. It ſeemed as if they had believed that the magnificence of this publication could

could repair the injuries that the nation had done its author. His life is at the head, written after the moſt exact reſearches, by a diſtinguiſhed academician. I ſhall follow this authority, as far as regards facts, permitting myſelf to ſpeak of the works of Cervantes, according to the ſentiments they have inſpired me with.

Cervantes was a gentleman, ſon to Roderigo Cervantes, and Leonora de Cortinas; he was born at Alcala de Henares, a city of new Caſtile, the 9th day of October 1547, under the reign

of the emperor Charles the fifth. From his infancy he loved books, he ſtudied in Madrid under a celebrated profeſſor, where he very ſoon ſurpaſſed the moſt expert ſcholars. The grand ſcience of that time was latin and theology; the parents of Cervantes intended to have made him an eccleſiaſtic or a phyſician, the only lucrative profeſſions in Spain; but he had ſtill this trait in common with many celebrated poets, of making verſes in ſpight of his parents. An elegy on the death of Queen Iſabella de Valois, a number of ſonnets, and a little poem called "Filene," were his firſt

eſſays;

eſſays; the ſmall regard that they paid to theſe works appeared to him an injuſtice, he left Spain, and went to ſettle at Rome, where diſtreſs forced him to become valet de chambre to Cardinal Aquaviva.

Diſguſted very ſoon with an employment ſo little fit for him, Cervantes became a ſoldier, and fought with diſtinguiſhed valour in the famous battle of Lepanto, gained by Don John of Auſtria, in 1571: he received there a wound in his left hand from a muſquet, of which he was lame all his life;

life;—as a recompence for this wound he was put into the common hoſpital at Meſſina. Having left the hoſpital, the trade of an invalid ſoldier appeared to him preferable to that of a deſpiſed poet, he went and enrolled himſelf anew in the garriſon of Naples, in which city he remained three years. As he was repaſſing into Spain on board a galley of Philip the Second's, he was taken and brought into Algiers, by Arnaut Mami, the moſt renowned of all the corſairs.

Fortune,

Fortune, who exhauſted her rigours upon the unfortunate Cervantes, could not wear out his courage;—ſlave to a cruel maſter, ſure of dying in torments if he durſt make the leaſt attempt to recover his liberty, he concerted his eſcape with fourteen Spaniſh captives. They agreed to redeem one from among themſelves who ſhould go to his own country, and return with a bark to carry the others during the night; the execution of this project was not very eaſy; it was neceſſary at firſt to get as much money as ſhould pay for the ranſom of one of the priſoners, afterwards

terwards to eſcape from the houſes of their different maſters, and be able to remain all together, without being diſcovered, till the very moment that the bark ſhould arrive to carry them away. So many difficulties appeared inſurmountable; the love of liberty brought it all about. A captive, a native of Navarre, employed by his maſter in cultivating a large garden upon the borders of the ſea, took on himſelf the taſk of hollowing out a cave in the moſt retired part of the garden, capable of containing the fifteen Spaniards; he ſpent two years in this work, during

which

which time they gained, what with alms and hard work, the ranſom of a Majorcan, named Viane, whoſe fidelity they were ſure of, and who knew perfectly well all the coaſt of Barbary. The money being ready, and the cave being finiſhed, it was neceſſary to wait yet ſix months before every one was prepared to go there; then Viane ranſomed himſelf, and parted from them, having ſworn to return in a little time.

Cervantes had been the ſoul of the enterprize; it was he who expoſed himſelf every night in ſeeking food for his companions;

companions; as ſoon as day appeared, he retired into the cave with proviſions enough for the day. The gardener, who was not obliged to conceal himſelf, had his eyes continually on the ſea, to diſcover if the bark was yet come.

Viane kept his word; arrived at Majorca, he went to the viceroy, laid his commiſſion before him, and demanded his aſſiſtance in favour of the enterpriſe; the viceroy gave him a brigantine. Viane, with his heart full of hope, flew to the deliverance of his brothers; he

arrived

arrived on the coaſt of Algiers, the 28th day of September, of that ſame year 1577, one month from the day he had left it. Viane had obſerved every place ſo well, that he knew them again altho' it was night, he directs his little veſſel towards the garden, where he was expected with ſo much impatience. The gardener, who was on the watch, perceived him, and ran to acquaint the thirteen Spaniards of it. All their misfortunes are forgotten at this happy news, they embrace each other, they preſs to get out of the cave, they view with tears of joy the bark of their deliverer;

liverer ;—but alas! as the prow touched the ſhore, ſome Moors were paſſing that way, and knowing the Chriſtians, cried out to arms! Viane trembling ſpreads his ſails, gains the open ſea and diſappears: the unhappy captives, fallen again into their chains, went to weep at the bottom of their cave.

Cervantes re-animates them, he made them hope, and flattered himſelf that Viane would return again; but Viane returned no more. Grief, and the dampneſs of their narrow and unhealthy abode, brought diſorders on theſe

theſe unhappy people. Cervantes was no longer able to procure neceſſaries for ſome, to take care of others, and to encourage all; he got one of his companions to aſſiſt him, and gave him the charge of providing victuals in his place. The perſon he made choice of was a traitor, he went to the King of Algiers, turned Muſſulman, and led himſelf to the cave, a troop of ſoldiers, who put the thirteen Spaniards in irons, and dragged them before the King; that Prince promiſed them their lives, if they would declare who was the author of the enterpriſe;—It is I, ſaid Cer-

Cervantes to him, ſave my brothers, and put me to death. The King reſpects his intrepidity, he gave him back to his maſter Arnaut Mami, who would not put ſo brave a man to death.

The unhappy gardener, who had made the cave, was hung up by one leg, till his blood ſmothered him. Cervantes, deceived by fortune, betrayed by his friend, and returned to his firſt chains, only became more ardent to break them; four times he failed in his attempts, and was on the point of being impaled. His laſt effort was to cauſe a

revolt

revolt among all the ſlaves in Algiers, and to make himſelf maſter of it; they diſcovered this conſpiracy, yet Cervantes was not put to death;—ſo certain it is, that true courage will make itſelf reſpected even among barbarians.

It is true, that Cervantes being willing to ſpeak of himſelf, in the novel of the Captive, one of the moſt intereſting in Don Quixotte, ſays,

"That the cruel Azan, King of Al-
"giers was never merciful only to a
"Spaniſh ſoldier, named Saavedra;

who

" who expoſed himſelf often to the moſt
" frightful puniſhments, which will not
" for a long time be forgotten by the
" infidels."

In the mean time, the King of Algiers, willing to be the maſter of ſo famous a captive, purchaſed him from Arnaut Mami, and had him cloſely confined. A ſhort time after, this Prince being obliged to go to Conſtantinople, demanded from Spain the ranſom of his priſoner. The mother of Cervantes, Leonora de Cortinas, a widow and poor, ſold all that ſhe had, and ran to Madrid,

carrying

carrying with her three hundred ducats to the fathers of the Trinity, who were charged with the redemption of captives. This money, which was the intire and only fortune of the widow, was far from being ſufficient. The King Azan would have five hundred crowns of gold; the Trinitarians, touched with compaſſion, completed the ſum, and Cervantes was ranſomed the 19th of September 1580, after a ſlavery of five years.

On his return to Spain, diſguſted with a military life, and reſolving to

deliver himſelf up entirely to letters, he retired near his mother, with the fond hope of ſupporting her by his works. Cervantes was then thirty-three years old, he began with GALATEA, of which he gave but the firſt ſix books, and which he never completed. This work ſucceeded pretty well; the ſame year he married Donna Catherine de Palacios, ſhe was deſcended from a good family, but ſhe was poor, and this marriage did not enrich him. To maintain his family, Cervantes wrote comedies; he aſſures us, that they were well received, but very ſoon after this, he quitted

quitted the theatre for a ſmall employment which he obtained at Seville, where he went to ſettle. It was there he wrote thoſe novels where he paints ſo well the vices of that great city.

Cervantes was near fifty years old, when he was obliged to take a journey into La Mancha. The inhabitants of a little village named Argamazilla, picked a quarrel with him, threw him into priſon, and left him in it a long time; it was there that he began Don Quixotte, he believed that he ſhould revenge himſelf on thoſe who had in-

ſulted him, by making their country the country of his hero. He affected in the mean time not to mention once in his romance, the town where he had been ſo badly treated. He began by giving to the public no more than the firſt part of Don Quixotte, which did not ſucceed. Cervantes knew mankind; he publiſhed a little pamphlet called "The Squib,"——this work, which it would be impoſſible to find now, even in Spain, ſeems to be a criticiſm on Don Quixotte that covered his ſlanderers with ridicule;—every one read the ſatire, and Don Quixotte obtained

by

by this bagatelle, the reputation which ſince has been due only to itſelf.—— Then all the enemies of good taſte let themſelves looſe againſt Cervantes. Criticiſms, ſatires, calumnies, all were ſet to work. More unhappy by his ſucceſs, than ever he had been by his diſgraces, he durſt not venture to give any thing to the public for ſeveral years, his ſilence added to his miſery without appeaſing envy.—Happily the Count de Lemos and the Cardinal of Toledo lent him ſome ſuccours; this protection, which Cervantes conſidered as ſo valuable, was continued to him almoſt to

his

his death, but was never proportioned either to the merit of the protected, nor to the wealth of the protector. Cervantes, to ſhew his gratitude to the Count de Lemos, dedicated his novels to him, which appeared eight years after the firſt part of Don Quixotte; the year following he gave his "Voyage to Parnaſſus," but theſe works brought him but little money, and the ſuccours of the Count de Lemos were always very weak, ſince Cervantes to procure bread was obliged to print eight comedies, which the players had refuſed to perform; he ſeemed deſtined to misfortunes

fortunes and humiliations of every kind.

This ſame year, an Arragonian, who took the name of d'Avellaneda, wrote a continuation of Don Quixotte; a wretched continuation, without taſte, without wit, and without gaiety, but in which he ſaid many things injurious to Cervantes;—this ſort of merit made the book be read. Cervantes replied to it as all the ſatires ought to have been replied to;—he publiſhed the ſecond part of Don Quixotte, ſuperior ſtill to the firſt, every one was con-

vinced

vinced of his merit, but the more they were obliged to render him juſtice, the leſs ſorry were they that a rival, even deſpicable, ſhould inſult him whom they were forced to admire.—Spain is not, perhaps, the only country in the world, where malignity ſo ſevere on good works is always indulgent to their detractors. Whilſt Cervantes lived, Avallaneda was read, as ſoon as he was dead, his enemy was forgotten.

The ſecond part of Don Quixotte was the laſt work printed during his life;—he worked ſtill at the romance

of

of "Perſiles and Sigiſmunda," when he was attacked by a complaint of which he died, it was a dropſy;—he felt very ſoon that he could not be cured, and fearing not to have time to finiſh his work, he augmented his diſorder by intenſe application. He was very ſoon at the laſt extremity; tranquil and ſerene on the bed of death, as he had been patient under his misfortunes, his conſtancy and philoſophy never forſook him a moment, Four days before his death he had his romance of Perſiles brought to him, and traced with a feeble hand, the epiſtle dedicatory, addreſſed

dreſſed to the Count de Lemos, who juſt then arrived from Italy;—this letter deſerves to be remembered—it is as follows;—

To

" To DON PEDRO FERNANDEZ DE
" CASTRO, COUNT DE LEMOS,
" &c. &c.

" *We have an old Spaniſh ballad,*
" *which is but too applicable to me;—it*
" *begins with theſe words,*

" Tho' Death impatient calls on me;
" Still do I wiſh to write to thee, &c."

" *Behold preciſely the ſtate I am in; they*
" *gave me yeſterday extreme unction.*
" *I am dying, and I am very ſorry that*
" *I have not the power of telling you how*
" *much pleaſure your arrival in Spain*
" *has*

" *has given me. The joy which I feel at it,*
" *ought to ſave my life; but the will of*
" *God be done. Your Excellency will*
" *know, at leaſt, that my gratitude has*
" *laſted all my days. I have much to re-*
" *gret in not being able to finiſh certain*
" *works which I had deſtined for you, as*
" *The Gardener's Calendar,"—" Bernard*
" *the Great,"—and the laſt books of " Ga-*
" *latea;"—for whom I know you have a*
" *friendſhip. But it would be neceſſary*
" *for this, to have a miracle from the Al-*
" *mighty; and I aſk for nothing, but that*
" *he may have your Excellency under his*
" *protection.—Madrid, April* 19, 1616.

MICHAEL DE CERVANTES."

He died the 23d of the ſame month, aged ſixty-eight years, ſix months, and ſome days.

The man who conducted himſelf among the Algerines as we have ſeen; who compoſed Don Quixotte—and who wrote this letter when dying, was no ordinary man.

21 0059

OF THE

WORKS OF CERVANTES.

THE first poetical works of Cervantes are not much known, nor do they deserve it;—his sonnets and elegies are written too much in the taste of his age—his best work, that which has immortalized his name, is the "Romance of Don Quixotte;"—the judgment, the gaiety,

gaiety, the fine irony diffuſed through this work, the great truth of the pourtraits, the purity, the ſimplicity of the ſtyle, have rendered this work immortal: I know that it is not equally pleaſing to all French readers who do not underſtand Spaniſh; this ariſes from the faults of the only tranſlation which we have of it, it is very far from the elegance and the delicacy of the original. The tranſlator ſeems to have conſidered Don Quixotte as a common romance, whoſe ſole merit was to be entertaining. He has tranſlated the Spaniſh word by the French one, which he found

found in the dictionary, without comparing or without chuſing; he forgot that in works of humour no word is ſynonimous to another; that one word alone is apt, and all others improper.

The manner in which he has tranſlated the pieces of poetry, of which there are many in Don Quixotte, would perſuade us that the Spaniſh verſes are ridiculous; when, in fact, they are all agreeable—perhaps too abſtruſe.

But Cervantes wrote for his nation, whoſe taſte is different from ours;—and

the tranſlator, who wrote for us, ought, whilſt he preſerved the thoughts of Cervantes, to have weakened ſome compariſons, ſoftened ſome of the images, and have, above all, given ſweetneſs and harmony to the verſes. He appears to have thought of nothing but being literal, and this among the French, is conſidered as a fault. To us almoſt all foreign books ſeem too long; even Don Quixotte has prolixities and ſtrokes of bad taſte, which might be retrenched without the tranſlator's meriting the reproach of not being exact; when a work of entertain-

ment

ment is to be tranſlated, the tranſlation moſt agreeable, is, without doubt, the moſt faithful.

Notwithſtanding theſe faults, the work is ſo excellent in itſelf, the epiſodes ſo intereſting, the adventures ſo comic, that all the world knows it, all the world read it again and again;—our tapeſtry, our pictures and our prints, all repreſent Don Quixotte to us; and even the children laugh when they ſee Sancho Panza.

Cervantes's novels fall far ſhort of Don Quixotte; he wrote twelve, and four alone are worthy of him,—"The Curious Impertinent," which is inſerted in Don Quixotte; "Riconet and Cortadille," a whimſical but true picture of the rogues of Seville;--"The Force of Blood," the moſt intereſting and beſt conducted of the whole;—and "The Dialogue of the Dogs." This laſt is a charming piece of criticiſm, abounding with philoſophy and gaiety; the Spaniſh manners are there drawn with all the accuracy, ſimplicity, and ſpirit of Cervantes. We have had within thoſe

few

few years a French tranſlation of theſe twelve novels, but they ought to be read in the original.

The "Journey to Parnaſſus," is a poetical work, divided into chapters. Cervantes feigns, that Apollo threatened by legions of bad poets, ſends Mercury into Spain, to aſſemble all his favourites, and conduct them to defend Parnaſſus. Mercury finds Cervantes, and ſhews him the liſt of thoſe whom Apollo requires to aſſiſt him, and of their adverſaries. It is evident what a fine opportunity this fiction gave a man

of

of wit to be revenged on the dunces who had inſulted him. This work is not very agreeable, nor can we reliſh it highly; I know not any tranſlation of this, nor of his comedies; they are eight in number, and Cervantes ſays in his prologue, that he had written twenty or thirty; this uncertainty muſt appear wonderful to thoſe who know how difficult it is to write even one comedy;—be that as it may, thoſe which are preſerved, diminiſh our regret for thoſe that are loſt. I have read them all with attention, none of them are tolerable; unintereſting, badly conducted,

ducted, often witty, always improbable; ſuch is the characteriſtic of all his plays. In that called " The Happy Ruffin," the hero, who in the firſt act is the greateſt villain in Seville, becomes a Jacobin at Mexico in the ſecond: he is the pattern of the convent; he has frequent encounters with the devil, upon the ſtage, and always remains conqueror. Being called to attend a lady of the place, then on her death-bed, whoſe life had been very irregular, Father Crux, for ſo he is called, preſſes her in vain, to confeſs her ſins; the dying lady believes herſelf too culpable

to hope for pardon:—At laſt Father Crux, anxious to prevent her reprobation, offers to take her ſins on him, and give her his merits; the exchange is made, the bargain ſigned, the dying lady confeſſes, angels receive her ſoul, and devils ſeiſe upon the Jacobin; who ſees his body covered with frightful ulcers. In the third act he dies, and works miracles. This is one of the comedies of the author of Don Quixotte, and perhaps, his beſt.

There are, beſides, eight little pieces of Cervantes, which the Spaniards call Entre-

Entremeſes, theſe are better than his comedies, they are comic and natural, ſome of them rather too free, but two of them are charming above the reſt; one called "The Cave of Salamanca," is exactly our Soldier Magician; the French comic opera is formed after the model of the Spaniſh; the other, called "The Miraculous Picture," has furniſhed Piron with the idea of an opera ballad, The Falſe Prodigy, much inferior to Cervantes's work.

"Perſiles and Sigiſmunda," of which we have two unfaithful tranſlations, is a long romance, loaded with epiſodes and

and adventures, almoſt always incredible. It ſeems as if Cervantes wiſhed to imitate the old Greek romances ſtill eſteemed and formerly admired. But all his imagination, which, perhaps, never was more brilliant than in Perſiles, is inſufficient to render his heroes intereſting; their uſeleſs adventures, their improbable dangers, and the conſtant medley of love and devotion, have hindered this work from attaining the reputation of its author; but the elegance of the ſtyle, the great truth of ſome of the portraits, and the epiſode

of

of "Ruperte" are ſufficient to render it of great value.

It remains that I ſhould ſpeak of "GALATEA," his firſt performance. At the time he wrote it, Spain was the moſt gallant nation in the world, love was the ſole occupation of the Spaniards, and the ſubject of all their books.

Montemayor, a celebrated poet, publiſhed the romance of "Diana," which has been tranſlated into French. This work met with the greateſt ſucceſs, and merited

merited it in ſome reſpects; a pure ſtyle, great wit, ſweetneſs and ſentiment, often an enchanting ſtrain of poetry, and the affecting elegant ſimplicity which predominates in the novel of the moor Abindarraes, redeems in the eyes of connoiſſeurs, the improbability of the ſtory, the intervention of magic, and the want of action which have been the reproach of the Diana of Montemayor. Cervantes, who perceived all theſe defects, as may be ſeen from his ſcrutiny of Don Quixotte's library, has, in Galatea, avoided ſome of theſe faults; but not all. His adventures are more natu-

ral,

ral, his characters more intereſting, but his ſtyle, and above all his poetry, place him below Montemayor.——Infected with the miſerable ſcholaſtic taſte which then prevailed, Cervantes has made his ſhepherds declaim as if in the ſchool, they pronounce long diſſertations for and againſt Love; they cite Minos, Ixion, Antony, Rodriguez and all the heroes of fable and hiſtory: if Tircis wiſhes to conſole his friend who can obtain no mark of favour from his ſhepherdeſs, his ſpeech is to this effect:

"It

" It is allowed by all, that Galatea is " ſtill more beautiful than cruel; but " they add, that above all, ſhe is diſ- " creet. Now if this be true, as it " ought to be, it follows that by her " good ſenſe ſhe ſhould know herſelf, " and from this knowledge that ſhe " ſhould eſteem herſelf; from this " eſteem that ſhe ſhould wiſh not to " be loſt, and from this wiſh, that ſhe " will not yield to your deſires."

In another place, a lover ſeparated from his miſtreſs, ſays in verſe, " Al- " though I ſeem to ſee, to underſtand, " and

" and to feel, yet I am only a phan-
" tom formed by Love, and ſuſtained
" by Hope." Through the whole work the ſun only illuminates the world by the light which he receives from the eyes of Galatea. Theſe ſpecimens enable us to form an idea of the bad taſte which formerly prevailed, and from which even Cervantes was not free. But in the midſt of theſe follies, we find beautiful ideas, true ſentiment, elegantly expreſſed, intereſting ſituations, the emotions and agitations of the heart. Theſe were what induced me to give an imitation of his Galatea; it has never

been

been tranſlated, this romance is utterly unknown to the French.

As it is very poſſible my labours will be unſucceſsful, I muſt, for the honour of Cervantes, enumerate here all the changes which I have made in his work. Galatea, in the original, conſiſts of ſix books, and is not concluded: theſe I have compriſed in three, and have finiſhed it in a fourth. I have tranſlated hardly any part, the verſes in particular, only reſemble the Spaniſh ones in the places quoted. I have only taken the heads of the adventures, I have even

changed

changed circumſtances, where it has appeared neceſſary; I have added entire ſcenes, as the exchange of crooks in the firſt book; the country feaſt and the ſtory of the doves in the ſecond; and the farewell to Elicio's dog in the third; the fourth is entirely my own invention. I ſhall no doubt, be reproached with the great number of epiſodes, and the few events in which Galatea is concerned. In Cervantes, there are twice as many epiſodes, and Galatea does ſtill leſs. Montemayor has committed the ſame fault in Diana, which is in fact, nothing but a recital of different hiſto-

ries; ſuch was the taſte of the times. Such are our great French romances, ſo long the faſhion, where the authors took the Spaniards for their models, as to battles and duels, which one will be perhaps aſtoniſhed to find in a paſtoral work; It is a tribute which Cervantes paid to his nation. I know no Spaniſh romance or comedy without combats; this people, one of the moſt valiant in Europe, and without diſpute, the moſt amorous, required in a book to pleaſe them, recitals of Love and War. Finally, we ought to pardon Cervantes, who himſelf met with adventures, the

moſt

moſt extraordinary, for ſuppoſing that what had happened to himſelf would appear probable in a romance.

I have but one word more to ſay on the judgment which I have preſumed to paſs on the works of Cervantes. Notwithſtanding the particular ſtudy I made of his language, I reſted not entirely on my own knowledge; but I have been guided by the information of a Spaniard, who is as much devoted to literature, as to his country, and who has this in common with Cervantes, that he is ſtill

more

more celebrated for his talents than for his misfortunes*.

*The Count De Pilos.

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GALATEA.

BOOK I.

GALATEA.

BOOK THE FIRST.

I.

BEFORE the ſun has brighten'd o'er our plains,*
Or ſtol'n the liquid dew-drops from the flowers,

I.

* *Avant que le ſoleil ait éclairé nos plaines,*
Je fais retentir les échos,
Je fatigue les bois, les prés et les fontaines
Du triſte récit de mes maux:

Before the earlieſt birds have quit their bowers,
Reſtleſs and ſtruck with love's tormenting pains
I wake the echoes from the hollow ground
And to my moans the rocks and woods and
vales reſound.

II.

Mais les échos, les bois, les prés et les ruiſſeaux,
Ne peuvent ſoulager mes peines.
Sur les gazons fleuris, à l'ombrage des chênes,
Je ne trouve plus le repos;

III.

Je gémis, le ramier joint ſes plaintes aux miennes,
Mes larmes troublent les ruiſſeaux:
Mais les ruiſſeaux, les prés, les bois et les echos,
Ne peuvent ſoulager mes peines.

The

II.

The ring-dove joins his ſad complaints to mine,
And thou ſweet bird that ſing'ſt the live-long night,
Thy plaintive notes no more my ſoul delight;
In vain to ſooth me all your pow'rs combine,
The limpid brook my falling tears encreaſe,
Whoſe gentle murmurs oft have ſooth'd my ſoul to peace.

III.

Nor echoes, woods nor ſtreams aſſuage my woes;
Stretch'd on the flow'ry turf I hapleſs lie,
Beneath the ſhade that ſpreading oaks ſupply,
And mourn my fate and weep my loſt repoſe;
In ſighs and tears my wearied nights are paſt,
And each returning day's more wretched than the laſt!

Such were the complaints of Elicio, a ſhepherd on the banks of the Tagus. Nature had enriched him with her gifts, but Fortune and Love had not treated him with equal kindneſs.

Long had he loved Galatea, without being able as yet to flatter himſelf that he was beloved of her. Galatea was a ſimple ſhepherdeſs of the ſame village as Elicio; but ſhe had been queen of the world, if the world had been given to the moſt beautiful, and moſt deſerving.

'Tis Galatea and Elicio, whoſe adventures I am going to relate. I ſhall join to theſe ſome others, of whoſe conſtancy love was willing to make trial; and I ſhall alſo deſcribe the manners of a village. Oh! ye whoſe chief pleaſures are centered

centered in a country life; ſouls of ſenſibility! to whom the aſpect of laughing fields, and the noiſe of falling waters afford delights equal almoſt to what are felt in doing of good actions; may you be able to find ſome pleaſure in peruſing me!

Of all the ſhepherds who were in love with Galatea, Elicio was the moſt tender, and the leaſt confident. Nor was his reſpect alone the ſole cauſe of his timidity; Meoris the father of Galatea was the richeſt huſbandman in the canton; while all the wealth of Elicio was his cottage, and a few goats.

Eraſtres his rival was leſs poor, without being more happy. Eraſtres, ever the moſt inſenſible of ſhepherds, had not

not been able however to reſiſt the charms of Galatea; but he did not flatter himſelf that he could be pleaſing to her. Too ſimple to be amiable, he could feel, but he knew not how to expreſs himſelf. Nature in forming him had been content with giving him a good heart.

One day as Elicio in a ſolitary dale was thinking of her whom he loved, he ſaw Eraſtres appear, preceded by his flock, which he left the conducting of to his dogs. Theſe faithful animals ſeemed as if they gueſſed that their maſter was too much in love to mind his ſheep. Their attention ſeemed to be doubled. They ran round them, preſſed on the lazy ones, led back thoſe that were rambling from their fellows; thus doing at the

the ſame time their own duty and that of the ſhepherd.

As ſoon as Eraſtres was near Elicio, I hope, ſaid he to him, that you are not ſad, becauſe I am in love with Galatea. You know that it is impoſſible not to love her. May my lambs in the moment that I wean them, find nothing in their paſtures but poiſonous herbs, if it be not true that a thouſand times I have been tempted to forget my love. I have conſulted all the doctors in the country, yet none of them have been able to cure me; and I come to aſk your leave to retain my malady to my death. You will riſque nothing in granting me this favour, ſince you who are the moſt engaging of all our ſhepherds, have not been

been able to move Galatea to pity, what have you to fear from a clown like me?

Elicio ſmiled at this diſcourſe. My friend, ſaid he, I have no right to be jealous. Our ſorrows are the ſame, and they ought to endear us to each other. From this moment we will ſeparate no more; we will talk unceaſingly of Galatea, and friendſhip, without doubt, will help to aſſuage the pains that love cauſes us to ſuffer.

The two rivals now become friends, were preparing their pipes to play, when Galatea with her flock appeared upon the hill. A ſimple bodice, and a petticoat of plain ſtuff, compoſed the whole of her attire. Her ſhape alone render-

ed

ed this habit charming. Her long light hair floated on her ſhoulders, and a ſtraw hat guarded her face from the ardour of the ſun. Unadorned as the ſimple flowers of the field, ſhe was beautiful and ſhe knew it not.

Elicio advanced to ſpeak to her, but the dogs of Galatea, who let no perſon approach the flock, ran growling towards the ſhepherd. Scarcely had they recollected him, when aſhamed of their ill behaviour, they ſtooped down their necks, dropt their tails, and went to hide their heads under his careſſing hands. The conducting ram with whom Elicio had often divided his bread, perceived him, and came up to him with his head erect, and bell ringing; all the ſheep followed him. Elicio opened for them

his

his ſcrip, he diſtributed to the dogs, and to the flock all that it contained, while tears of joy ran from his eyes. The ſhepherdeſs embarraſſed thus, at ſeeing the ſheep know her lover ſo well, bluſhed, and haſtening to the ram, ſtruck him with her crook, and obliged him to remove from Elicio.

The ſhepherd reproached her for this movement of anger; why, ſaid he, puniſh your ſheep when it is me that you wiſh to puniſh. Theſe paſtures are the beſt in the canton; you have power to fly me; but leave here your lambs, and I will neglect my goats to take care of them;—if this favour ſeems too great, chooſe the place where you would wiſh to paſs the day, and I will remove myſelf, becauſe it will be more agreeable

to

to you: Elicio, ſaid Galatea, it is not to avoid you that I turn my ſheep another way. I am leading them to the brook of palm-trees, where I expect to meet my dear Floriſe;—I am grateful to you for your offers; and I prove it to you by diſſipating your ſuſpicions. While ſhe was ſtill ſpeaking, ſhe purſued her way. Eraſtres cried out to her from far, May you yet fall in love with ſome one who will treat you with as little pity as you treat us; May you .... he would have ſaid more if Galatea had not began to ſing, as her cuſtom was, whenever ſhe moved with her flock. The moſt angry lover would rather liſten to the voice of his miſtreſs, than ſay injurious things to her; Eraſtres was ſilent, and Galatea ſung theſe words:—

I.

In the care of my flocks, I place my delight,*
Surrounded by them, I am chearful and bleſt,
My joy is to lead them to ſtreams that are bright;
If they are contented, my heart is at reſt.

II.

I ſleep all the night, and when day-light appears,
Nor wiſhes, nor ſorrows my boſom e'er move.
This quiet is ſweet, it would waken my fears
To know that Old Child, which I hear them call Love.

I.

* *Les ſoins de mon troupeau m'occupent toute entiere,*
C'eſt de mes ſeuls agneaux que dépend mon bonheur;
Quand j'ai trouvé pour eux une fontaine claire,
S'ils ſont contents, rien ne manque à mon cœur.

Be

III.

Be wolves, and this love, ever far from my
bow'rs,
While dogs guard my ſheep from beaſts ſavage
and wild;
My only defence is this crook, hung with
flowers,
Yet ſure 'tis enough for to combat a Child.

II.

Je dors toute la nuit. quand l'aube va paroître,
Sans crainte et ſans deſir je vois venir le jour;
Ce doux repos m'eſt cher: je ne veux point con-
noître
Ce vieux enfant que l'on appelle amour.

III.

Que les loups et l'amour ſoient loin de ma retraite.
Trop heureuſes brebis, un chien ſûr vous défend:
Pour me defendre, hélas! je n' ai qu'une houlette;
Mais c'eſt aſſez pour combattre an enfant.

Galatea

Galatea had finiſhed her ſong juſt as ſhe had arrived at the rivulet of palm-trees. Floriſe was already there, her beſt friend, the confident of her moſt ſecret thoughts. They ſat down together upon the borders of the brook, and employed themſelves in gathering the ſurrounding flowers; when they perceived a ſhepherdeſs who was unknown to them. This ſtranger, young and beautiful, ſeemed overwhelmed with grief; from time to time ſhe ſtopped, ſighed, and looked up to heaven, with her eyes ſwimming in tears. Too much occupied with her ſorrows, to perceive Galatea, ſhe approached the brook, took up ſome of the water in her hands, and waſhed her eyes wearied with weeping: Alas! ſaid ſhe, there is no water

able

able to extinguiſh the fire that conſumes me.

Galatea and Floriſe ran towards the ſtranger; If Heaven, ſaid they to her, is as much touched with your tears as we are, you would very ſoon have no cauſe to ſhed them; we pity your misfortunes, even though we do not know them; how often are they aſſuaged by recounting them! a ſatisfaction of that ſort you might feel, by pouring them into our boſoms; yet it would be cruel to demand a recital of what might be wounding to your heart. This recital, replied the ſtranger, will perhaps deprive me of the friendſhip which you ſeem to promiſe me; when you are informed that all my ſorrows ſpring from love; may I hope that you will ſtill

pity

pity me? The ſhepherdeſſes, after having aſſured her in the tendereſt manner of their friendſhip, conducted her into a neighbouring grove—they ſat down in the ſhade, and after a pauſe of a few moments, the ſtranger began her hiſtory:

"I was born in a village, ſituated on the banks of the Henares, celebrated for the freſhneſs, and the clearneſs of its waters; my father is a farmer, and my life was occupied ſolely in country employments; every morning I led my ſheep to their paſtures, frequently alone, yet ſolitude never wearied me. In the woods I liſtened delighted to the birds, I ſung with them; I gathered the red roſe, the lilly without ſpot, and the pink of various dye; this amuſement rendered the day happy, I loved nothing

ſo

ſo well as my lambs, and I ſought for nothing in the country, but flowers and the cool ſhade.

" How many times have I laughed at the ſighs and tears of ſome of our ſhepherdeſſes, who have made me the confident of their loves? I remember that one day the young Lydia came, and throwing herſelf upon my neck, bathed me with her tears. Alarmed at her deſpair, I wiped her eyes, and embracing her, enquired with tenderneſs, what frightful misfortune had coſt her ſo many tears. Thy father, cried I to her, is he dead? Have you loſt your flock? Oh! my Teolinda, replied ſhe, nothing is able to conſole me, he is gone! .... he is gone! ... and this morning I have ſeen the ſhepherdeſs Leocadia, with the roſe

coloured ribband, which I, the other day gave that ingrate. I declare to you, amiable ſhepherdeſſes, that I could not hinder myſelf from laughing at this recital, every word of which was cut ſhort with ſighs. Lydia was offended, ſhe looked at me, bowed her head, and went away. I would have detained her: Teolinda, ſaid ſhe to me, may you one day feel the ſorrows that I now ſuffer, and experience in your confidents the ſame pity that I find in you! Such was her wiſh, perhaps it is you, ſhepherdeſſes, who will accompliſh it this day.

"Thus did I live, careleſs, free and happy; but I was not to be long ſo:—One day, it was the vigil of the patron ſaint of our village, I had gone with many

many other girls, to get green boughs, and gather flowers to ornament our church; we found on our way, a troop of ſhepherds, ſitting under the ſhade of myrtles; they were all our friends or relations, and had come out before us, ſix of them requeſted that they might go in our place, to get the green boughs and flowers, which we wanted, we accepted their offer, and remained with the reſt of their companions.

"Among theſe young people, was a ſtranger, whom I then ſaw for the firſt time. Scarcely had I beheld him, when I felt a fire run through my veins that was unknown to me before, I doubted what it could be; Lydia was there, I thought to have fallen at her feet, and aſked forgiveneſs for not having compaſ-

ſionated in her, the pains that I already felt.

" It was eaſy to read in my face all that paſſed in my heart; but every one was occupied with the ſtranger. They begged of him to finiſh a ſong, which our arrival had interrupted, he agreed, and I trembled, leaſt love ſhould be the ſubject; if he be in love, ſaid I to myſelf, he will not think of any thing but love; happily he ſung only the pleaſures of a country life, and the means of preſerving flocks, he ſaid nothing of that, which cauſes the death of ſhepherdeſſes.

" Scarcely had he finiſhed, when we ſaw thoſe coming back, who had gone to cut the green branches; they were ſo loaden, that walking in a line, and linked cloſely together, one would have believed

believed they ſaw a little hill approach, covered with its own trees. When they came near to us, they began a village round, to which we reſponded; ſoon after they laid down their burdens, and offered each ſhepherdeſs a garland of different kinds of flowers. We accepted their preſents, and began to prepare to return to the village; when the oldeſt amongſt them, named Eleuco, ſtopped us: I think, ſaid he, that each of you ought to recompence us for our pains, by giving her garland to him that ſhe loves beſt; that is but juſt, ſaid one of my companions, at the ſame time putting her garland on the head of her couſin; the others followed her example, and every one made choice of a relation. I remained for the laſt, and by good fortune, I had no couſin there.

"I appeared as if I was uncertain what to do, at length approaching the ſtranger, I give you this garland, ſaid I, in the name of all my companions, as a tribute of thanks for the pleaſure your ſong has afforded us. I pronounced theſe few words, out of breath, and not daring to lift my eyes up to him that I was crowning, and I trembled ſo, that the garland was ready to drop from my hands.

"The ſtranger received my favours with gratitude and modeſty; he ſeized the inſtant when no one could hear him, to ſay to me in a low voice, I have paid you very dear for the garland I have received: you have given me nothing but flowers; and I, I, ... he could not finiſh, for my companions came up, and preſſed

preſſed me to depart. I anſwered nothing, but I kept my eyes on the ſtranger, as long as it was poſſible; he occupied my thoughts all the way, and when I got home, I could only think of him.

"The next day, which was the feſtival, after having paid our adorations to the Eternal Father of Mercies, all the inhabitants of the village and its neighbourhood, aſſembled upon the public green, to exerciſe themſelves in different country ſports. A troop of young men, vain of their youth, their ſtrength and activity, preſented themſelves to diſpute the prize—of wreſtling, leaping and the race. Each appeared as if confident of bearing it away; I was only intereſted for one perſon, and for him all my vows were exhauſted. Artidore,

for

this was the name of my ſtranger, was conqueror in all the ſports, he was applauded by every one. Alanio, ſaid one, ran ſwifter than Sylvanio; Marcellus is ſtronger than Lyſander; but Artidore carries it away from them all. I heard theſe praiſes, but durſt not join in them; I pretended not to have heard them, however, that I might have them repeated the oftener to me.

"Thus was our holiday ended. The next day, about a dozen young girls of us, the moſt reſpectable of our village, aſſembled together, holding each other by the hand, and preceded by a tabor and pipe; we formed a dance, and in this manner, proceeded to a neighbouring meadow, where we found Artidore with all our young lads. As ſoon as they

ſaw

ſaw us, they ran and mixed in our dance, each ſhepherd ſeparated two ſhepherdeſſes, and broke our chain by doubling it; then the flutes and tamborines were joined to our muſic, the dance became more animated; my good fortune would have it that my hand found itſelf in that of Artidore's. The gentle preſſure of his hand, cauſed a ſudden faintiſhneſs to come over me; my heart throbbed violently, and I was ſinking to the ground; when Artidore perceiving it, caught me ſuddenly in his arms, and preſſed me cloſely to his boſom. The remedy was worſe than the diſeaſe.

"The dance being ended, we ſat down upon the green turf; every one wiſhed to hear Artidore ſing, they entreated him and he complied. I have never

never forgot his ſong, and I am going to repeat it to you, in ſpight of the tears that I ſhall give perhaps to ſo ſweet a remembrance.

I.

The brighteſt day we never could enjoy,*
Sad gloomy cares would all our thoughts employ,
If love came not to make the proſpect gay;
And ſtrew his roſes in life's rugged way.

I.

**Jamais nous ne verrions briller un jour ſerein,*
Toujours par la douleur l'ame ſeroit flétrie,
Si l'amour ne venoit conſoler notre vie,
Et ſemer quelques fleurs ſur ce triſte chemin.

Amour, l'on doit bénir tes chaînes :
Si deux amants ont à ſouffrir,
Ils n'ont que la moitié des peines,
Et tu ſais doubler leur plaiſir

No

No ills a favoured lover e'er can know,
A word, a ſmile, can happineſs beſtow,
Nor fate itſelf can render him unbleſt;
She ſays, I love you, and his heart's at reſt.

Love, we ought to bleſs thy chains,
If two lovers are in trouble,
They can feel but half their pains;
Whilſt their pleaſures you can double

II.

Il n'eſt point de malheur pour un amant aimé;
D'un ſeul mot, d'un ſouris, dépend ſa deſtinée:
Le ſort voudroit en vain la rendre infortunée;
On lui dit: Je vous aime, et ſon cœur eſt calmé.

Amour, l'on doit bénir tes chaînes:
Si deux amants ont à ſouffrir,
Ils n'ont que la moitie des peines,
Et tu ſais doubler leur plaiſir.

The

II.

The other day beneath a myrtle ſhade,
Two hapleſs lovers ſad complainings made,
Their future union was their only care;
Th' uncertain future fill'd them with deſpair,
I heard them thus, in broken accents ſay,
Still as they dried their falling tears away :—

III.

L'autre jour deux amants, à l'ombre d'un tilleul,
Sur leur hymen futur ſe contoient leurs alarmes;
J'entendis qu'ils diſoient en eſſuyant leurs larmes
Souffrir deux eſt plus doux que d'être heureux
tout ſeul.

Amour, l'on doit bénir tes chaînes :
Si deux amants ont à ſouffrir,
Ils n'ont que la moitié des peines,
Et tu ſais doubler leur plaiſir.

" Tis

"Tis more relief to ſhare each others woe,
"Than ſingle happineſs can ever know."

Love we ought to bleſs thy chains,
If two lovers are in trouble,
They can feel but half their pains;
Whilſt their pleaſures you can double

"It was time to return to the village; each ſhepherd offered his arm to his ſhepherdeſs; whether it was chance or addreſs, I was not ſure; but Artidore gave me his. We walked on in ſilence, without daring to look at each other; but each of us ſeiſed the inſtant when the other was not obſerving, to ſteal a glance, and if by chance our eyes met, they were inſtantly bent to the ground. At length I ſaid to him, Artidore, the few days you have given us, muſt appear to you as ſo many years, if you have

left

left in your village any one that is dear to you; I would give all that I poſſeſs, ſaid he, if theſe happy days would but continue as long as my life. You love theſe ſports then? Ah! 'tis not the ſports, . . . he gave a deep ſigh; I ſighed alſo, he preſſed my hand; nor am I very ſure, but that I returned it.

"We were thus ſituated, when the old Eleuco, whoſe advice every one reſpected, propoſed that we ſhould ſing a roundelay, in order, as he ſaid, to enter the village as gaily as we had left it; I took it upon myſelf willingly, and laid hold of that occaſion to give ſome advice to Artidore; I ſung theſe words, keeping my eyes on him all the time;

Would

I.

Would you a happy lover be?*
Be guided ſtill by myſtery;
This maxim is the golden rule
Of all the learned in love's ſchool;
Would you be lov'd, diſcreet then be,
The key of hearts is ſecrecy.

I.

* *Voulez-vous être heureux amant?*
Soyez guidé par le myſtere;
Celui qui ſait le mieux se taire
En amour eſt le plus ſavant.
Pour être aimé ſoyez diſcret;
La clef des cœurs, c'eſt le ſecret.

II.

Thoſe who love's ſoft paſſion blame,
In vain malign his pureſt flame;
Love is the virtue of the ſoul,
When prudence regulates the whole.
Would you be lov'd, diſcreet then be;
The key of hearts is ſecrecy.

II.

En vain de l'amour on médit,
Le ſecret épure ſa flamme;
L'amour est la vertu de l'ame
Quand le myſtere le conduit.
Pour être aimé ſoyez diſcret;
La clef des cœurs, c'eſt le ſecret.

III. Your

III.

Your pleaſure learn to reſtrain,
Be ſecret, tho' it gives you pain;
A thoughtleſs word may oft deſtroy
The faireſt hopes of promiſed joy.
Would you be lov'd, diſcreet then be:
The key of hearts is ſecrecy.

III.

Souvent un ſeul mot peut ravir
Le prix d'une longue conſtance;
Cachez juſqu'à votre ſouffrance
Pour ſavoir cacher le plaiſir.
Pour être aimé ſoyez diſcret;
La clef des cœurs, c'eſt le ſecret.

IV.

Your conqueſts then alone impart
To that beſt confident, your heart;
And tho' your glory may ſeem leſs,
'Twill be repaid in happineſs.
Would you be loved, diſcreet then be,
The key of hearts is ſecrecy.

IV.

Ne confiez qu'à votre cœur
Vos ſuccès et votre victoire;
Tout ce que l'on perd de la gloire
Retourne au profit du bonheur.
Pour être aimé ſoyez diſcret;
La clef des cœurs, c'eſt le ſecret.

"I did

"I did not know whether my ſong was pleaſing to Artidore; but he profited by it. During his ſtay with us, he uſed ſo much circumſpection and prudence in the attentions he rendered me, that the moſt envious obſerver could not find a word to ſay.

"I was certain of being beloved, nor had I been able to conceal from my lover that my heart was his. We had agreed that he ſhould return to his village as he had given out; and that a few days after he ſhould ſend a friend of his family to aſk me in marriage of my father; we were both of us ſure that our parents would conſent, every thing ſeemed favourable to our wiſhes, when two days before the departure of Artidore, my ill fate brought back my twin

ſiſter from a neighbouring village where ſhe had been for ſome time, to ſee an aunt of mine; this ſiſter, by a fatality very rare, is my living picture, her face, her ſhape, her voice, all bear ſo exact a reſemblance to mine, that our parents in order to know us from each other, were obliged to clothe us in different habits; but our characters are far from having this reſemblance; had our hearts been twins I ſhould not have ſhed ſo many tears.

" The day after her return, my ſiſter drove the flocks to their paſture before I was awake. I would have followed her, but my father detained me the whole day ;—I was obliged to give up the hope of ſeeing Artidore. In the evening my ſiſter returned, and told me with an air of

of myſtery, that ſhe had ſomething to ſay to me of importance; my heart beat violently, already I had a forebod-ing of my misfortune, I went and ſhut myſelf up with her; judge what my thoughts were, when I heard her ſpeak theſe words:—

"This morning, my dear ſiſter, I was conducting the flocks to the banks of the Henares, when I ſaw a young ſhepherd approach me whom I had never ſeen before; he ſaluted me, and took my hand with a freedom which both ſurprized and offended me, neither my ſilence, nor the alteration which he ſaw in my countenance, was capable of ſtopping his tranſports. Alas! ſaid he to me, beautiful Teolinda, do you no longer remember him who loves you better

better than he does himſelf. I ſaw very clearly my ſiſter, that I was taken for you, and not being willing that ſo forward a ſhepherd as he, ſhould have your reputation in his power, and ſo be capable of injuring you; I was reſolved to releaſe you for ever, from this impertinent. I took care not to let him know that he deceived himſelf; and aſſuming that ſtyle and manner that Teolinda ought always to have, I replied to his words with an haughtineſs and diſdain that did not fail to aſtoniſh and confound him; but all this was neceſſary for your juſtification, my dear ſiſter, and fortunately for you, my words made a proper impreſſion on him, he looked wildly on me, upbraided me, called me perfidious and ungrateful;—and, as he

left

left me, I think he ſaid ſomething . . . as if you were never to ſee him more!

"You may eaſily conceive, amiable ſhepherdeſſes, what I ſuffered during this recital; I would have given the half of my life that it was morning, that I might fly and undeceive my unhappy lover. Ah! what a night for me, how long did it appear!—The ſtars were yet glittering in the Heavens, when I was already in the fields; never had my poor ſheep walked ſo faſt before; I haſtened to the ſpot where I had been accuſtomed to meet my Artidore; I ſeek him, I call him, I run over the fields, the woods, and the banks of the river; but I cannot find Artidore! Return, cried I, my beloved, come and behold

hold the true Teolinda, ſhe who only lives for to love you. Echo repeated my words, but Artidore came not. At length, wearied with the fruitleſs ſearch, I ſat down at the foot of a beech to wait for broad day light, that I might again traverſe every place where I had before ſought him.

"Scarce had the morning's dawn given me the power of diſtinguiſhing objects clearly, when I perceived letters cut upon the bark of a white poplar; I looked earneſtly, it is the hand of Artidore, nor do I know how it was poſſible I could read without dying, the verſes I now repeat to you—

O thou

* O thou, unmatch'd in ev'ry charm and
grace,
But falſe of heart, as beautiful of face;
Alike indifferent in thy eyes,
Thy broken vows, thy violated truth,
Or the ſad fate of the unhappy youth
That breaths away his ſoul in ſighs.
My liberty to you I gave,
My life you wiſh me to reſign,
Receive it from thy wretched ſlave;
Alas! my more than life is thine.

Yet

---

* *O vous dont l'inconſtance égale la beauté,*
Vous qui comptez pour rien vos ſerments et ma vie,
Vous ordonnez qu'elle me ſoit ravie:
Elle eſt à vous, comme ma liberté.
J'obéirai, cruelle, à votre ordre terrible;
Vous ne me verrez plus: mais, à mon dernier jour,
Je veux parler de mon amour;

Yet, in the laſt ſad moment of my fate,
I would to your unfeeling ſoul repeat
Once more my vows, and with my lateſt breath,
Still talk of love, tho' ſinking into death.

On this ſmooth poplar rind, I've mark'd my doom,
More deep engrav'd, than in thy cruel heart,
Mine ſtill will love thee, even to the tomb;
Ah! muſt we then for ever, ever part!

Could

Oui, je veux répéter à votre ame inſenſible
Le ſerment que je fis, hélas! pour mon malheur:
En l'écrivant ſur l'écorce flexible,
Il reſtera gravé mieux que dans votre cœur
Adieu: juſqu' au tombeau le mien vous a chérie;
Pour ne plus vous le dire, il a fallu mourir:
Si mon trépas vous arrache un ſoupir,
Ma mort ſera plus douce que ma vie.

Could but my fate thy breaſt with pity move,
More ſweet than all my life, my death would prove.

" I read, without crying, theſe ſad adieus, twice over; I ſhould have ſtill continued reading them, but tears prevented me, and ſurely, if theſe tears had not flowed, I muſt have died on the ſpot. Grief took from me in this moment, the little reaſon that Love had left me; I reſolved to forſake all, and fly after Artidore, I would that inſtant have done ſo; but I could not tear myſelf from the tree where my ſentence was written; I made fruitleſs efforts to get this bark off the poplar, I kiſſed it a thou-

a thouſand times, I bathed it with my tears; when, ſuddenly I ran acroſs the country, repeating the laſt words that I had read.

" I arrived upon theſe borders, they are not far from the country of my lover; but to this inſtant, no one has been able to give me any intelligence of him; I would yet ſeek him a few days—but if my ſearches are in vain—If my Artidore is no more, my fate is decided! I will follow him: yes, (ſaid ſhe, burſting into tears) I will follow thee, my Artidore, to the grave;—it is my laſt hope."

Such was the recital of Teolinda. Galatea and her friend did all in their power to conſole her;---Remain here, ſaid

ſaid Galatea to her, we will aſſiſt you in finding Artidore; and, in the mean time we will partake your diſtreſs, and mingle our tears with yours. Teolinda, moved by theſe kind offers, embraced Galatea, and promiſed not to quit her for ſome days.

The ſun was now ſet, and the ſhepherdeſſes collected their ſcattered flocks, to lead them to the village; but ſcarcely had they got half way, when Galatea perceived that ſhe had left her crook behind her, ſhe begged of Floriſe and the ſtranger to take care of her ſheep, while ſhe returned alone to ſeek it; ſhe ſoon ſaw through the trees an old ſhepherd, named Lenio, ſitting in the place where ſhe had been, and holding in his hands

hands, the crook that ſhe had come to look for.

At the ſame inſtant, Elicio returning to his cottage with his little flock of goats, paſſed that way, and knowing the crook of Galatea, he ſtopped and looked at Lenio, with an aſtoniſhed air;—Galatea, attentive to the movements of Elicio, hid herſelf behind ſome large ſhrubs, anxious to hear what he was going to ſay.

Where did you get that crook? ſaid Elicio, with a quick voice. I found it here, by chance, ſaid the old ſhepherd, and I intend it for Beliſe, who will hardly refuſe ſo handſome a preſent; I wiſh, ſaid Elicio, that the heart of Beliſe may be ſoftened to tenderneſs by

by the gift of that crook; but mine is ſtill more beautiful; ſee how the bark, neatly raiſed, ſeems to form a branch of ivy that curls round it, I would be willing, however, to change it for the one you hold;——you muſt then, ſaid Lenio, give me alſo the beſt of your goats in exchange.——Ah! I agree, I have but ſix, you ſee them here, chooſe which of them that pleaſes you moſt. The old ſhepherd, had no great trouble in deciding of the ſix goats of Elicio; one only was near yeaning, and it was that which he choſe. Elicio, tranſported with joy, gave him the goat, changed the crook, and embraced him with all his heart. The two ſhepherds, equally ſatisfied, ſeparated, and Galatea, penſive and muſing, ſlowly rejoined

joined Floriſe and the ſtranger; they aſked her, what news of her crook? ſome one has taken it, replied the ſhepherdeſs, but I do not regret it.

In the mean time, the ſhades of Night began to darken the mountains; the birds aſſembled together, under the thick foliage, diſputed with a confuſed murmur, the branch where they were to ſpend the night. One heard on all ſides, the pipes of the ſhepherds, and the drowſy tinklings of the ſheep-bells, as the flocks approached the village. The ſhepherds, as they entered it, found great preparations making, the cauſe of which, they ſoon learned;—Daranio, one of the wealthieſt farmers, was the next day to eſpouſe Sylveria, whoſe only

only fortune was her blue eyes. The prodigal lover would celebrate his happineſs by the moſt brilliant nuptials. He had invited all the ſhepherds of the neighbouring villages to be witneſſes of his happineſs; and the famous Tircis, who had no equal in ſinging, or the art of playing on the flute, was alſo to be there; with his friend Damon. Teolinda had a faint hope that Artidore might come to theſe nuptials; ſhe reſolved therefore to follow Galatea. All the ſhepherds were preparing themſelves for the ſports and rural games, that were to be celebrated the next day.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

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GALATEA.

BOOK II.

GALATEA.

BOOK THE SECOND.

WHEN ſhall I be able to live in a village—when ſhall I be the poſſeſſor of a cottage, encompaſſed by cherry trees! cloſe by it, could there be a garden, an orchard, a meadow, ſome bee-hives, and a rivulet, bordered with filbert trees ſurrounding my Empire;—My deſires ſhould never paſs beyond that ſtream. There ſhould my happy days glide peaceably away; every moment of my time

ſhould be occupied in walking, reading, or in rural employments.——I would have beſides, ſomething to live on, and alſo ſomething to give away; for without this, riches are nothing; to have only for one's ſelf, is having nothing. If I could enjoy all theſe bleſſings with a partner, prudent and amiable, and ſee our children ſporting on the green turf, vyeing with each other, who ſhall run ſwifteſt to embrace their mother;--- I believe, that I ought to excite the envy of all the Kings of the Univerſe.

Such was the ſtate of thoſe ſhepherds, whoſe hiſtory I write. A happy marriage generally crowned a virtuous attachment. Daranio, the beloved of Sylveria, was now to become her huſband.

band. At the firſt dawn of the morning, all the inhabitants of the village, and of the neighbouring hamlets, were already aſſembled on the public green. Some had made garlands to ornament the doors of the bride and bridegroom; others with flutes and tamborines uſhered in the happy day, with joyful melody; here was heard the rural pipe; there the harmonious violin; and farther off, the antique pſaltery. One was employed in tying ribbands to his caſtanets; another ornamenting his hat with bunches of flowers.---Every one was eager to pleaſe his miſtreſs; all were animated with Love and Joy.

The bride and bridegroom did not wait long. They were ſoon diſcovered, coming decked out in their gayeſt apparel;

rel; Galatea and the young girls conducted Sylveria;—and Elicio and the ſhepherds ſurrounded Daranio. The happy troop took their way to the church, amidſt the ſound of all the inſtruments.

After they had vowed an eternal fidelity, the new married couple returned to the village green, and all the young women ran to ſeek for the preſents which they had deſtined for the bride;—One came and offered to Sylveria, a baſket of fruits; another carried in her hat, eggs that her pullets had newly laid—here one preſented a pullet, another a young cock; every one without regret, and without vanity, made an offering proportionable to their riches.

Galatea

Galatea approached in her turn; ſhe carried two young turtles, which a ſervant of her father's had taken in his nets. The ſhepherdeſs was fearful of doing them an injury, and both her hands could ſcarce confine the two birds; with their white wings and their roſe-coloured bills, they were every moment ready to eſcape; ſhe haſtened to Sylveria, and ſaluting her with a modeſt air, my dear friend, ſaid ſhe, here are two ſweet doves that would wiſh to live with you: I pray you to receive them; every faithful ſpouſe ought to give them an aſylum. In ſaying theſe words, ſhe preſented her turtles, Sylveria ſtretched out her hands to receive them, Galatea opened hers. The birds profiting of the moment, eſcaped, and as they ſhot ſuddenly into the

the air, bruſhed lightly with their wings, the faces of the two ſhepherdeſſes. Sylveria was ſurpriſed and Galatea almoſt ſorrowful; they followed them with their eyes till they had loſt ſight of them; they then looked at each other without ſaying a word, while every one laughed, except Galatea.

Elicio approached her, and ſaid with a low voice, theſe birds have puniſhed you for the little care you took in not keeping them; but they will ſoon wiſh to come back to you again; and I dare anſwer for it, that they will ſoon return to you. I do not, ſaid Galatea, reckon much upon that; but I ſhall conſole myſelf if they are more happy by being free;—and immediately ſhe went to her ſheep-fold,

to ſeek a beautiful lamb, that replaced her doves.

Whilſt they were thus offering their preſents, a number of tables were laid out covered with all ſorts of meats, under the thick foliage of the trees. Daranio, who gave the treat, made the matrons, the old men, and the young women ſit down; the young lads remained ſtanding, that they might attend the reſt.——At ſome diſtance from them, upon a ſort of ſtage erected on caſks, the muſicians placed themſelves; the ſymphonies began, and were often interrupted by the joyful ſhouts of the company. Pleaſure and Gaiety ſhone on every face; ſome ſpoke, ſome liſtened, all laugh at once, every one is content,

every

every one is happy;---One would have thought, that every ſhepherd had that day eſpouſed his miſtreſs.

That nothing might be wanting to this rural treat, no ſooner was the repaſt ended, than Daranio propoſed a paſtoral conteſt. Sylveria took off her garland and declared that it ſhould be the prize of whoever ſung beſt the praiſes of his ſhepherdeſs. Then the inſtruments ceaſed; all the young girls turned their eyes on their lovers. The ſhepherds prepared themſelves to ſing; Eraſtres even would have entered the liſts, but the famous Tircis roſe up, and Eraſtres ſat down again---no perſon was hardy enough to contend with Tircis. Elicio alone preſented himſelf;

ſhepherd,

ſhepherd, ſaid he, I do not pretend to diſpute the garland with you; but I would wiſh to celebrate her whom I love. A deep ſilence reigned in the aſſembly, while the two rivals ſung, alternately, theſe words :——

TIRCIS.

TIRCIS.

Love and fair Phyllis, now ſuſtain my voice,
You know her ſwains, the object of my choice;
Phyllis, the lovely Phyllis, I adore,
Her name I've told, what need I then ſay more?

TIRCIS.

La charmante Philis eſt celle que j'adore;
L'amour et ma Philis ſoutiendront mes accents.
Vous qui la connoiſſez n'écoutez pas mes chants,
J'ai prononcé ſon nom, que puis-je dire encore?

ELICIO.

ELICIO.

Her name I hide, who firſt my breaſt inſpir'd
With new born flames, and all my ſenſes fir'd,
To paint her charms, exceeds the pow'r of ſong;
Where e'er ſhe moves, the ſhepherds round her throng.

ELICIO.

Je veux cacher le nom de l'objet qui fit naître
Ce feu dont je me ſens embraſé pour jamais:
Hélas! je me trahis ſi je peins ſes attraits;
Comme elle eſt la plus belle, on va la reconnoître.

TIRCIS.

TIRCIS.

The richeſt tints that ripening apples wear,
With Phyllis' glowing cheeks cannot compare,
Her dark arch'd brows, and eyes of ſoft deſire
All hearts enſlave, and all with love inſpire.

TIRCIS.

La pomme colorée eſt la fidele image
Du teint vif et brillant de ma chère Philis;
Ses regards languiſſants, l'arc de ſes noirs ſourcils,
Retiennent tous les cœurs dans un doux eſclavage.

ELICIO.

ELICIO.

The roſe of vermil dye, the dazz'ling ſnow,
Their mingl'd tints, my fair one's cheeks can ſhew;
Nor winter's winds can make this roſe decay,
Nor ardent ſummer melt this ſnow away.

ELICIO.

La roſe au teint vermeil, la neige éblouiſſante,
Reſſemblent aux appas dont je ſuis enchanté:
Cette neige réſiſte aux ardeurs de l'été;
L'hiver ne flétrit point cette roſe brillante.

TIRCIS.

TIRCIS.

Two years have paſs'd, ſince Phyllis firſt I knew,
And ſaw her eyes, of pure celeſtial blue;
While Love lay lurking in her golden hair,
And of her treſſes, wove the chains I wear.

TIRCIS.

Philis depuis deux ans cauſe ſeule mes peines;
Je l'aimai dès le jour où je vis ſes yeux bleus:
L'Amour m'attendoit là, caché dans ſes cheveux,
Et de ſes treſſes d'or il fit pour moi des chaînes.

ELICIO.

ELICIO.

Long have I bent beneath Love's mighty power,
And pleas'd recall the happy day and hour,
When firſt I ſaw the maid, whom now I ſing,
Love hover'd o'er her, ſportive on the wing;
His laughing eyes expreſs'd a treach'rous joy,
And in my heart I inſtant felt the boy.

ELICIO

L'Amour depuis long-temps me tient ſous ſa puiſſance,
Quand j'apperçus l'objet dont je ſuis amoureux;
Je vis l'enfant ailé ſourire dans ſes yeux,
Dans mon cœur auſſitôt je ſentis ſa préſence.

TIRCIS.

A broken mirror ſhews our wond'ring eyes
One object that it often multiplies;
So with a ſidelong glance that Phyllis gives,
In every heart, her lovely image lives.

TIRCIS.

Comme un miroir briſé mille fois nous préſente
L'objet qu'il multiplie à nos regards ſurpris:
De même un ſeul coup-d'œil de ma belle Phillis
Grave dans tous les cœurs ſon image charmante.

ELICIO.

ELICIO.

The bleating lamb, that ſeeks its dam around,
At her return, gives many a joyful bound;
So might you ſee our ſwains ſpring with delight,
Whene'er my ſhepherdeſs appears in ſight.

ELICIO.

Comme un agneau bêlant qui demande ſa mere
Saute et bondit de joie en la voyant venir:
De même vous verriez nos bergers treſſaillir
Quand à leurs yeux charmés vient s'offrir ma bergere.

TIRCIS.

For Phyllis' birth day, joyful I ſhall beat
Two ſpeckl'd kids, that I have nurs'd with care,
An humble offering from a heart ſincere,
And richly ſhall I deem myſelf repaid,
To gain the flow'ry wreath that crowns her head.

TIRCIS.

Je garde à ma Phillis, pour le jour de ſa fête;
Deux chevreaux tachetés qu'avec ſoin je nourris:
J'en ſerai trop payé, ſi je reçois pour prix
Les bluets dont Phillis a couronné ſa tête.

ELICIO.

ELICIO.

So from my hand ſhould lib'ral offerings flow,
But ah! what gifts can poverty beſtow?
No gifts have I, to purchaſe happineſs,
My heart and dog were all I did poſſeſs;
She whom I love, long ſince has had my heart,
My dog now follows her, as if my other part.

ELICIO.

Je ne peux rien offrir à la beauté que j'aime;
Hélas! je n'eus jamais que mon cœur et mon chien.
Mon cœur depuis long-temps eſt devenu ſon bien;
Mon chien la ſuit déjà comme un autre moimême.

Here

Here the ſhepherds ceas'd to ſing, and Sylveria was uncertain to which of them ſhe ſhould give the prize.- -Your talents, ſaid ſhe, are equal, and I durſt not, neither indeed, am I able to tell which I prefer; let each receive a branch of laurel, and permit me to beſtow the garland on my beſt friend;—in ſaying theſe words, ſhe preſented to Tircis and Elicio two laurel branches, which ſhe bent into equal crowns; and then turning to Galatea, ſhe placed the garland upon her head.

Then the muſic ſtruck up for the dance; all were eager to join in it, Elicio begged of Galatea to dance with him; ſhe bluſhed and conſented,---would you have wiſhed, ſaid Elicio to her, with a trembling

trembling voice, that Tircis ſhould have carried away the prize? No, replied Galatea, I ſhould have been ſorry, for the honour of our village, to ſee you vanquiſhed by a ſtranger; after theſe few words, he durſt not ſay any more to her.

Night came on, and every one was to have ſupped with Daranio, except Galatea, who conducted to her houſe her friend Floriſe, and the ſad Teolinda; as ſoon as the three ſhepherdeſſes were gone, Elicio took the road to his cottage, with Eraſtres, Tircis and Damon. Theſe two laſt had been, for a long time, the faithful friends of Elicio, and were well acquainted both with his loves and his ſorrows.

They

They had not proceeded far on their way, when in paſſing by the foot of an ancient hermitage, ſituated on the top of a little hill, they heard the ſound of an harp; let us ſtop, ſaid Eraſtres to them, that we may hear the voice of a young man, that came here about fifteen days ago, in order to turn hermit. I have ſpoke to him many times, and from his diſcourſe, I take him to be ſome great Lord, whoſe misfortunes have forced him to quit the world; and if Galatea continues to treat me ill, I have a ſtrong notion to turn hermit along with him.

Theſe words of Eraſtres inſpired the ſhepherds with a deſire of knowing the hermit; they aſcended the hill, without making the leaſt noiſe, and ſoon diſ-

covered

covered a young man of about twenty-two years of age, ſitting upon the fragment of a rock; he was clothed in dark coloured coarſe cloth, a cord ſerved him for a girdle, his legs and feet were bare; and he held between his hands an harp, from which he drew the moſt plaintive notes;—it was ſtrung by Melancholy; and every chord went to the heart; his moiſt eyes were turned up to heaven, while tears hung upon his cheeks.

The ſilence of the night, the pale light of the moon, the holy horrors of the hermitage, ſeemed all to prepare the mind, and diſpoſe it to receive the ſad accents of the hermit;---after preluding for ſome little time, he ſung theſe words:——

I. Friendſhip

I.

*Friendſhip, the only bliſs the wretched prove,
To my ſad ſoul no longer can give joy;
Unſteady Fortune, and thou God of Love,
Ye join your powers, and my peace deſtroy,
In vain I ſend to Heaven my ceaſeleſs pray'r,
Heaven hears no more the voice of my deſpair;
My fate is fixt, I muſt for ever grieve,
Luckleſs the hour, that ever gave me birth;
Hopeleſs I love, and yet alas! I live,
Nor knows my heart one comfort on this earth.

**En vain j'adresse au ciel une plainte importune;*
Le ciel n' écoute plus mes accents douloureux
Le redoutable amour, la volage Fortune,
Tout, juſqu'à l'amitié, ſeul bien des malheureux,
Semblent ſe réunir pour combler ma misere.
Je remplis mon deſtin, je ſuis né pour ſouffrir:
Mon cœur n'a plus rien ſur la terre;
Je ne peux plus aimer, et je ne peux mourir.

Pure

II.

Pure holy friendſhip, life's moſt healing balm,
My Love I immolated at thy ſhrine:
Soothe then my troubled ſoul into a calm,
And on me ſhed thy influence divine;
To aching hearts, 'tis ſaid thou giveſt reſt,
But ah! you fill with double grief my breaſt.
My fate is fixt, I muſt for ever grieve,
Luckleſs the hour that ever gave me birth;
Hopeleſs I love, and yet alas! I live,
Nor knows my heart one comfort on this earth.

Pure et ſainte amitié, doux charme de la vie,
Je t'immolai l'amour, mais qu'il m'en a coûté!
Rends du moins le repos à mon ame flétrie:
On dit que tu ſuffis pour la félicité.
Loin de me ſoulager, tu combles ma miſere.
Je remplis mon deſtin; je ſuis né pour ſouffrir:
Mon cœur n'a plus rien ſur la terre;
Je ne peux plus aimer, et je ne peux mourir.

Here

Here the hermit ceaſed, his head dropt upon his ſhoulder, his hands quit the ſtrings of the harp and fell motionleſs to his ſides; the ſhepherds ran to his aſſiſtance; Eraſtres took him in his arms, and brought him to himſelf. The hermit viewed him for a long time, as one juſt awakened from a frightful dream—ſhepherd, ſaid he to him, the cares you have beſtowed on me, ſerve only to prolong my miſeries, while a vain gratitude is all that I have to offer you in return. If it would not diſtreſs you too much, ſaid Tircis to him, we would wiſh to hear a recital of your misfortunes, the tender friendſhip that we already feel for you, is worthy of this confidence. Friendſhip! ſaid the hermit, ah! what a name have you pronounced; yet ſhall

I do

I do as you deſire. I owe you more than one obligation;—'tis in your village, that I go to aſk for the few aliments neceſſary to my ſad exiſtence, they always give me even more than I want; and ſince I owe my life to you, it is but juſt, that you ſhould be made acquainted with its ſorrows. At theſe words, the ſhepherds preſſed cloſer to him, and the young hermit began his ſtory thus:

"In the ancient and famous city of Xeres, that Minerva and Mars have always protected, lived a young cavalier, named Timbrio, his high valour was the leaſt of his qualities. Drawn by an invincible ſympathy, I laid myſelf out in every generous way to obtain his friendſhip, and I ſucceeded inſomuch, that the

the whole city forgot very ſoon the names of Timbrio and Fabian, which is mine, and they called us ſimply—— "The two friends."

"We merited this endearing ſurname; always together, our happy years glided away, and appeared but as moments in our ſight; our occupations were warlike;—our recreation was the chace;—our paſſion was Friendſhip.

"Thus happily did we live, till one day, the moſt unfortunate of my life, that Timbrio had a quarrel with a cavalier, whoſe name was Pranſil. The family of my friend adviſed him to withdraw for a while; but he wrote to Pranſil, informing him, that he was gone to Naples, where he would find him, always

ways ready to terminate their difference, as gentlemen ought.

"I was at that time ill, and in no condition to follow my friend; our parting was mixed with many tears; I promiſed to follow him, as ſoon as my health would permit me; but I ſoon found that the abſence of my friend was more inſupportable to me, even than my illneſs; and learning that there were four gallies at Cadiz, ready to ſail for Italy, I reſolved to embark. Friendſhip, gave me that ſtrength which my ſlow recovery denied me. I went on board, the wind ſeconded my wiſhes, and in a few days, I arrived at Naples.

"It was night when I landed, and as I croſſed a ſtreet, I heard the claſhing of ſwords;

ſwords; I perceived a man with his back againſt the wall, defending himſelf ſingly againſt four aſſailants. I flew to his aſſiſtance, and was ſoon followed by many people, who ſeconded me; this unexpected attack made the four villains take to flight. I ran to the unknown perſon, I ſpoke to him, I looked in his face; it was Timbrio!

"I held him in my arms, and ſhed tears of joy; how dear did I pay for this ſweet re-union? my friend was wounded, and the emotion that the ſight of me cauſed in him, exhauſted his ſpirits—he fell into my arms, fainting and bloody.——I ſent inſtantly for ſuccour; a ſurgeon inſpected his wounds, and gave me ſome hopes that they were not

not mortal. This in ſome degree conſoled me, and Timbrio coming to himſelf, we made an arm chair of our hands, and thus carried to his houſe, my amiable friend.

"There it was, that I learned the cauſe of this aſſaſſination. Timbrio, on his coming to Naples, had delivered letters from Spain, to one of the firſt citizens there, whoſe family was Spaniſh; received into his houſe, as an amiable companion, my friend was not able to reſiſt the charms of his eldeſt daughter Niſida, the moſt beautiful and accompliſhed of all the Neapolitans.

"His reſpect and his timidity, reſtrained him from ever avowing his

love; but an Italian prince, who was in love with Niſida, ſuſpected he had a rival, and fearing the valour, as much as the merits of Timbrio, he was baſe and cowardly enough to attempt having him aſſaſſinated.

"This adventure ſoon ſpread through the city, and came to the ears of Niſida's father; he was enraged that the name of his daughter ſhould be brought in queſtion, and be made a public talk of—and forbad the Italian prince, and my unfortunate friend, ever to come to his houſe again.

"This denial was worſe to Timbrio, than his wounds. Devoured by a paſſion, that obſtacles ſerved only to encreaſe;

creaſe ;—in deſpair, not to have declared it when it was in his power, he reſolved to ſee Niſida again, at whatever price it was to be obtained; every means ſeemed eaſy to him, and in the end, was found to be impoſſible. He wrote a thouſand letters, and tore them all again; one impracticable project ſucceeded to another with rapidity in his mind; ſo many inquietudes and vexations, ſerved only to inflame his wounds. My friend was very ſoon in danger; I was reſolved, if poſſible, to ſave him, and to introduce myſelf into the houſe of his miſtreſs.

" I dreſſed myſelf as a captive newly redeemed, and taking a guitar in my hand, I walked every evening in the

ſtreet where Niſida dwelt, ſinging old romances. I paſſed for a Spaniard, redeemed from the hands of the Infidels.

"In a little time, there was nothing talked of in that quarter, but the captive muſician, inſomuch that Niſida's father wiſhed to hear my romances; on which account, I was admitted into his houſe. It was there I beheld this Niſida, it was there that I loſt the repoſe and the happineſs of my life.—I had the temerity to view this celeſtial countenance, this charming ſhape, theſe eyes full of tenderneſs, whoſe brightneſs was tempered by a ſlight ſhade of Melancholy;—I felt inſtantly the poiſon of Love run in all my veins, it was neceſſary to fly, but I had not the power; and

and this ſingle moment made me as bad as Timbrio.

"They entreated me to ſing, and I was ſcarce able to ſpeak; I however obeyed, and choſe a romance that a Perſian ſlave had taught me.

Here all the ſhepherds begged that he would let them hear this romance. He took his harp, and with a ſoft voice, ſung theſe words:——

Nelſir

I.

Nelſir, the fair Semira lov'd,
And ſhe, his tender vows approv'd;
Sweet converſe all their hours employ,
Bright with the hopes of future joy.

Le beau Nelzir aimoit Sémire,
Sémire aimoit le beau Nelzir :
Se voir, s'aimer et ſe le dire
Etoit leur vie & leur plaiſir.

His

II.

His life was found, by wondrous art,
Upon a roſe leaf to depend;
Semira took the anxious part,
The roſe-tree ever to attend.

Le bonheur tient à peu de choſe,
Un rien le fait évanouir:
Hélas! d'une feuille de roſe
Dépendoit le ſort de Nelzir.

Long

III.

Long as the tree this leaf ſuſtains,
No fear for Nelſir's life remains;
But ſhould miſchance the leaf remove,
Her Nelſir's death 'twould inſtant prove.

Tant que ſur ſa tige fleurie
La feuille fatale tiendra,
Nelzir doit conſerver la vie;
Si la feuille tombe, il mourra.

Ah!

IV.

Ah! who can hope for to poſſeſs
Of certain bliſs, a day or hour?
We hang our hopes of happineſs
On ſtems as weak as held this flower.

Sémire, toujours attentive,
Ses beaux yeux fixés ſur la fleur,
D'une main timide cultive
Le roſier qui fait ſon bonheur.

One

V.

One day, upon her mouth half-clos'd,
Young Nelſir a ſoft kiſs impos'd,
"Give back the kiſs," Love whiſp'ring ſaid,
She would, ſhe wiſh'd, yet was afraid.

Un jour ſur ſa bouche mi-cloſe
Nelzir imprime un doux baiſer:
Sémire veut le rendre, et n'oſe,
En vain l'amour lui dit d'oſer.

But

VI.

But to her roſe the kiſs ſhe gave,
From lips that thouſand ſweets diſtill'd,
But ah! it ſhook away the leaf;
Semira has her lover kill'd!

C'eſt à la fleur à peine écloſe
Qu'elle rend ce baiſer charmant,
Mais ſa bouche effeuille la roſe,
Sémire a tué ſon amant.

Inſtant

VII.

Inſtant he droops his lovely head,
His bloom is now for ever fled:
He preſs'd her hand, in death they part,
And Love, reluctant, quits his heart.

Nelzir tombe aux pieds de Sémire
Sans ſentiment et ſans couleur:
Il preſſe ſa main, il expire;
L'amour quitte à regret ſon cœur.

Diſtracted!

VIII.

Diſtracted!—Pale!----Semira ſtands;
For Death, upon his lips ſhe tries,
Preſs'd his mouth, and claſp'd his hands;
And on a kiſs---Semira dies.

Sémire, interdite & tremblante,
Sur ſes levres cherche la mort,
Et preſſant ſa bouche expirante,
Par un baiſer finit ſon ſort.

" Niſida

" Niſida had a younger ſiſter, whoſe name was Blanche, almoſt as handſome as herſelf; ſhe ſeemed to liſten to my romance with more pleaſure than any other perſon. She praiſed my voice to a great degree, I thanked her, with my eyes fixt upon her ſiſter.

" Their father entreated me to come again; I heſitated a long time; I debated with myſelf often, whether I ſhould avail myſelf of this permiſſion. I was certain of adding ſtrength to a diſorder, that tore my heart in pieces; but anxious for my friend, and drawn on by my love, I returned to the houſe of Niſida; I ſaw her again, and all hope of a cure was removed from me for ever.

" Judge

" Judge of the conflicts, that agonized my heart. I loved Timbrio more than my life, and I loved Niſida, perhaps, more than Timbrio; I ſaw her every day, and was incapable of flying from her, even for the intereſts of my friend. This dear friend, weak, and ſlowly recovering from his illneſs, could not ſuſtain himſelf, but for my tender cares and aſſiduities.

" But Time, far from aſſuaging my miſeries, only added to my unhappineſs;—every inſtant redoubled my paſſion, my remorſe, and my torments; my health was no longer proof againſt theſe diſtreſſes, my face ſoon loſt the freſhneſs of youth; my ſunk and languid eyes could ſcarce turn themſelves on

on her, for whom I was thus dying. At length, the father of Niſida expreſſed his inquietude about me;——ſhe herſelf, and above all, her ſiſter Blanche begged of me one day, with the moſt tender ſolicitude, to open my heart to them and diſcloſe without reſerve, all its ſorrows and pains. What a moment for me! but I ſtrengthened my ſoul, I recalled to my mind, all that I owed to my friend, and reſolved to expire, rather than betray him, and I ſummoned up all my reſolution to ſay theſe words:

"You will pity my ſorrows ſtill more, when I tell you, that they are cauſed by Friendſhip;——A young cavalier, my countryman, and boſom friend, is in love with the moſt beautiful, and moſt

moſt amiable of women; he reſpects her ſo much, that he fears ever to mention his paſſion to her, and this reſpect is, in fact, cutting ſhort his life. It is him that I weep.——It is the moſt generous and the moſt accompliſhed of men, that Love is bringing to an early grave.

" At this place, Niſida interrupted me. Fabian, ſaid ſhe, I have never known Love, but it appears to me to be ſimplicity to die, rather than tell a woman, that one loves her; the firſt avowal of it would not be able, I ſhould think, to offend her; but even ſuppoſing that it was badly received, there are always opportunities enough found for dying. Beautiful Niſida, ſaid I, when one looks on love with the eyes of indifference,

they ſee nothing in it, but the playfulneſs of children, which they laugh at, or at beſt but pity: but when the heart is wounded, the underſtanding, far from being of uſe to us, is the firſt to lead us aſtray.——Such is the ſtate of my friend; by dint of intreaties and prayers, I got him to write to the object of his affection; I am charged with this letter, and I carry it always about me, in hopes of being able to deliver it. Could not one ſee this letter, ſaid Niſida, for I am, I confeſs, curious to know the ſtyle of a lover, who is truly ſmitten?

"I did not let ſo good an occaſion as this eſcape me. I drew from my boſom the billet that Timbrio had given me, a few days before; it was conceived in theſe terms:——

"I had

"I had determined, madam, never to "have broken ſilence, happier in the "thought of having in death deſerved "your pity, rather than live under your "diſpleaſure: but it was too terrible to "live, and not let you know that I "adore you. If this avowal ſhould not "offend you, I feel that I ſhall ſtill che-"riſh life, to conſecrate it to you; but "ſhould my temerity appear to you wor-"thy of puniſhment, my death ſhall "ſoon expiate my offence."

"Niſida read this letter with great attention. I do not think, ſaid ſhe, that a declaration ſo reſpectful as this, can diſpleaſe; and I adviſe you to deliver the billet, without being apprehenſive that it will be badly received.——As yet

I have had no opportunity, ſaid I, but my friend, in the mean time, is dying, and I think, that you have it in your power to ſave his life;—How is it poſſible?—Do you reply to this billet, as if it was addreſſed to you; this innocent device will reſtore him to new life, and will give me time to find the occaſion that I ſo ardently wiſh for. No, replied Niſida, I have never as yet returned anſwers to love-letters; and I would not wiſh to begin now by a deceit.—But ſaid ſhe, after a moment's pauſe, what is to hinder you from letting your friend know all that has now happened; ſubſtituting the name of her whom he loves, in the place of mine? You may tell him that ſhe has read his letter, that ſhe had preſſed you to give it to her:

her: that in fact you durſt not tell her that the billet was for herſelf; but that you had, nevertheleſs, room to hope that ſhe will yet hear of it, without anger. This ſtratagem will be of uſe to the health of your friend, and cannot be contradicted, until you have ſpoken to his real miſtreſs.

" Surpriſed at this invention, I ſtammered out ſome expreſſions of thanks, and I ran to report every thing to Timbrio; the hopes which he conceived, his tranſports and his gratitude, were ſo many links, that chained me ſtill more to my duty.

" I redoubled my attentions towards Niſida, and tho' the prey of a paſſion, which

which her ſight could not fail but to encreaſe; I never ſpoke to her but of my friend. I employed for him the expreſſions which my heart furniſhed me with for myſelf; and thus I made ſubſervient to the cauſe of Friendſhip, that very feeling, which might have deſtroyed it.

" At length, I took the reſolution to acquaint her of every thing. I told her that the perſon who was ſo near dying for her, was Timbrio. I extolled his birth, dwelt on his good qualities, and his virtues; and, in a word, I painted him as I ſaw him. Niſida had not forgotten him, ſhe expreſſed a ſurprize, true or feigned, reproached me with my preſumption, menacing me, to tell all to her

her father;—but acroſs the anger that ſhe forced herſelf to aſſume, I ſaw clearly that Timbrio was beloved.

" This was the laſt ſtroke for me; a long time I had waited for it, yet it was not ſenſibly felt when it came. I reſolved to let Timbrio know his good fortune, and then to fly immediately afterwards, and die in a deſert.

" I reckoned, however, too much on my courage; the moment that I undertook to ſay to my rival that he was beloved, I loſt the power of ſpeech, my eyes filled with tears, vainly would I have hid my trouble; my ſighs betrayed me, my ſtrength failed, and I fell upon the boſom of my friend, and bathed him with my tears.

" Timbrio

" Timbrio, ſurpriſed and terrified, ſupported me in his arms, embraced me with tenderneſs, nor would he be ſatisfied without knowing the cauſe of ſo keen an affliction. I was ſilent, he preſſed me, unable to anſwer, I threw my eyes down on the ground. Ah! I underſtand you, ſaid he, you love her! you love her! 'twas not poſſible but that you muſt have loved her; thy faithful heart groans under the ſacrifice it would make to thy friendſhip. O my Fabian, I ſhould be indeed unworthy, if I accepted of her. Continue to love Niſida, for I will never ſee her more; I ſhall, perhaps, be able to live without her, but I ſhould be certain of dying, were I the cauſe of thy unhappineſs. In ſaying theſe words, he turned away his

his face to hide his tears, while he preſſed me againſt his boſom.

" Friendſhip inſpired me in this moment, I felt as it were lift above myſelf. You are miſtaken, replied I, it is not Niſida that I love, it is her ſiſter, whoſe heart I have not been able to touch, and the violence of an unrequited love, is the ſole cauſe of my deſpair. You deceive me, Fabian, ſaid he, looking ſtedfaſtly in my face. No, my dear Timbrio, I adore Blanche, but ſhe deſpiſes my vows, pardon me then, if the compariſon of thy happy ſtate with mine, draws ſome tears from me. I promiſe you, however, that I ſhall weep no more. Go, my friend, I feel, that while near you, my happineſs does not depend upon Love.

" Timbrio

" Timbrio, either did, or feigned to believe me; he was reſolved, however, to aſſure himſelf of the truth of what I ſaid, the firſt opportunity that he had, but I had determined myſelf, to make every ſacrifice neceſſary to his quiet. It was not enough, that I ſhould immolate my real paſſion; it was neceſſary that I ſhould feign to feel another. The very next day I diſcovered to Blanche who I was, and ſpoke to her of Love.

" Blanch had loved me for a long time, without daring to avow it, even to herſelf; but no ſooner did ſhe believe herſelf beloved, than ſhe told it to her ſiſter; this confidence became uſeful to Timbrio. Niſida had ſtill oppoſed a ſentiment that ſhe dreaded, leſs afraid in finding

finding a companion, ſhe ventured to give way to it, ſhe ſpoke of her love, and was penetrated the more with it. The two ſiſters, in expreſſing their fears, mutually ſtrengthened each other; and the pleaſure that diffuſed itſelf over their ſouls, made them feel more ſenſibly the happineſs of being beloved.

" By favour of my diſguiſe, I preſerved a free acceſs into the houſe. I conſtantly carried the letters of my friend; and I procured him the pleaſure of ſeeing his miſtreſs. While thus I continued to redouble all my attentions to Blanche, Timbrio remarked, with joy, how well I was beloved, felicitated me, and holding me in his arms, ſwore never to eſpouſe Niſida, until that day

that

that I ſhould become the huſband of her ſiſter; I bowed my head, reſigned to every thing that Friendſhip ſhould ordain for me.

" We waited now for nothing but news from Spain, to demand the hands of Blanche and Niſida in form; when Pranſil, the cavalier, who had the quarrel with Timbrio at Xeres, arrived at Naples, to fight with him.

" The nature of the quarrel was ſuch, as to render a public reparation neceſſary. The Viceroy's permiſſion was to be obtained, and Judges appointed; in fine, all things were fixed, and this terrible combat was to take place in eight days from that time, in a large plain,

plain, at a little diſtance from the city.

" The news of this made a great noiſe, and ſpread itſelf far and near; in ſpite of our utmoſt precautions, it reached the ear of Niſida. Her inquietude and grief was as keen as her love was ardent, a prey to ſilent ſorrow, ſhe paſſed in tears, and without nouriſhment, the eight days of delay, which ſeemed to her ſo long, and yet—ſo ſhort; a frightful incertitude, more cruel even than the misfortune ſhe ſo much dreaded, ſoon exhauſted her ſtrength, ſhe fell ill; and her father, ignorant of the cauſe, reſolved, in order to re-eſtabliſh her health, to bring her to his houſe in the country.

" The

" The day of their departure, which was the eve of the combat, Niſida had me called to her; when I came near her bed, ſcarcely could I recollect her, I was ſhocked beyond the power of telling it; I ſaw her that my ſoul doated on, pale and worn away, her long dark eye-laſhes moiſt with tears. Fabian! ſaid ſhe to me, with a weak and feeble voice, you muſt carry my laſt adieus to Timbrio, tell him, that my life is joined to his; and that to-morrow, he has my life to defend. As for you, next to me, his beſt friend, ſure I am, that you will not quit him; ſhould any miſchance happen, you will be there to ſuccour him. Ah! would to Heaven, that I had the power to be with you alſo—hold, added ſhe, untying from her neck, a precious relique,

lique, which ſhe wet with her tears, carry this to him, and tell him that it has ever preſerved me from dangers of every kind; it is to-morrow, . . . that I expect it to preſerve me indeed. I have ſtill one ſervice more from you. I am going to my father's country-houſe, which is but half a league from the fatal field;——promiſe me, to come there inſtantly, and let me know the event of the combat; if my Timbrio be the vanquiſher, faſten this white ſcarf upon thy arm, I ſhall ſee it from far, it will ſave me ſome moments of torment.—Should he be overcome——I ſhall want thee no more!——

" You may eaſily conceive, my good friends, what I muſt have ſuffered during

ring this interview, I promiſed her every thing ſhe aſked. I ran to Timbrio, it elevated his hopes; it redoubled his ardor; he kiſſed it, laid it next to his heart, it raiſed him out of himſelf; ſure of being invincible, he would have defied the univerſe.

" At length the moment arrived, the whole city of Naples were already upon the field of battle. Pranſil and Timbrio preſented themſelves, they choſe for weapons, the ſword and poignard. The barrier is opened, the trumpets ſound, and the two enemies ruſh upon each other!

" The combat was furious, and for a long time equal. Pranſil was active, ſkilful and valiant; he wounded Timbrio,

brio, and Victory hung wavering; every heart beat with anxiety. At length, Love had the advantage. Timbrio ſtruck Pranſil to the ground, no ſooner was he down, than my generous friend flung away his ſword, and ran to aſſiſt him; Pranſil acknowledged himſelf vanquiſhed, and the ſpectators rent the air with their applauſes.

"The frightful uncertainty that I had been in for ſo long a time, the grief that I felt, when I ſaw Timbrio wounded, and the ſudden joy that ruſhed upon my heart for his victory, diſturbed my mind ſo much, that I forgot the white ſcarf, and I ran without it to announce our good fortune to Niſida. Oh! hapleſs maiden, O beauteous Niſida, thy

bleſt ſhade, has long ere this, pardoned my cruel inadvertency, and looks with divine compaſſion on the ſorrows of an heart, that never more can feel the bleſſing of a moment's peace. As the moment of the combat approached, the fever burned with double violence in her veins; notwithſtanding her weakneſs, ſhe had herſelf carried up to the higheſt windows of the houſe; there, ſupported by her women, her eyes fixt upon the road, ſhe waited her life or her death; ſhe perceived me; ſaw no white ſcarf, and fell motionleſs into the arms of her ſiſter. At this moment, I arrived, all the houſe were in tears; I preſſed thro' to Niſida, we were prodigal of uſeleſs ſuccours, nothing could reſtore her! I ſaw her eyes faſt ſhut, her mouth open,

her

her lips pale;—then it was, I began to recollect that I was the cauſe of all this ruin, wild with deſpair, I ruſhed out of the houſe, I durſt no more ſee my friend, to whom I was certain of giving his death. Deſolate in mind, furious and diſtracted, I took the firſt road that I found; I had not gone far, when I heard a loud voice calling after me to ſtop.—I turned round, it was Felix, the page of Timbrio, who told me to come quickly to his maſter; Felix, ſaid I, thy maſter I ſhall never ſee again; Niſida is dead, and it is I who have killed her. In pronouncing theſe words, I redoubled my ſpeed. I arrive at Gaietta, a veſſel is pulling before the wind, for Spain; I embark, I arrive once more in my native

country, where I have taken this habit, which I ſhall now never quit.

"You have had, my friends, a faithful recital of my misfortunes. I had hoped to find peace in this hermitage, alas! I have found nothing but ſolitude. In vain I force myſelf to turn my thoughts to that Great Being, that ought to occupy them intirely. The remembrance of what I have loſt, purſues me unceaſingly. I ſay to myſelf every day, that I ought to forget Niſida and Timbrio, and every day I weep their loſs."

The ſhepherds were unable to conſole the hermit; but they joined in his ſorrows. And now the night being far advanced, and the moon at the height of

of her courſe, the ſhepherds took their leaves of Fabian, and quitting the hermitage, ſoon arrived at the cottage of Elicio; where, after a frugal meal, they ſtretched themſelves upon the ſoft ſkins of goats, to enjoy that reſt which temperance and exerciſe never fail to beſtow.

When Elicio perceived that his companions were faſt aſleep, he roſe up, and went ſoftly out to execute a project which he had meditated all day.

Juſt before his door there was a beautiful cherry-tree, which he had himſelf reared, and which was covered with the fineſt fruit in the country, though yet very young, and the ſtem ſlender, it afforded

forded delicacies to its poſſeſſor; two white doves had choſen it to build in, they had placed their neſt near the top, in a forked part of the tree formed by four branches;—far from diſturbing them, Elicio looked upon it as an happy omen, their coming to build ſo near his cottage; he often carried under the cherry-tree, ears of corn and hemp-ſeed, and even wool for the doves to line the inſide of their neſts with, and that their little ones might lie more ſoft.

While Elicio was at the nuptials of Sylveria, a ſervant of Meoris, came and ſpread his nets over the cherry-tree, took the turtles and carried them inſtantly to his maſter's daughter. They were

were the ſame that Galatea had let eſcape, and Elicio who knew them, had promiſed his ſhepherdeſs that they ſhould return to her again.

He was willing to keep his word, he went out of his cottage to ſeize on the father and mother while they were aſleep, and to put them into a cage with their young ones; by the help of a ladder which he laid againſt the chimney of his cottage, he mounted to the higheſt branch, ſtooped his body forward, removed ſoftly the leaves, and ſaw by the light of the moon, the two turtles in the neſt, the head under one wing, and the other wing ſpread out, the better to cover their little ones. They did not waken, and Elicio had no more to do than

than to take them, but he had not the courage; no, ſaid he, dear charming birds, ye ſhall not be deprived of your liberty, you ſhall belong to Galatea without being ſlaves; you ſhall live near her, though free to live elſewhere. He deſcended quickly from the ladder, ran to ſeek a ſpade, and coming back to the cherry-tree, he dug a trench round about it, and when it was held only by its bottom roots, he cautiouſly and without the leaſt violence, placed his ſpade horizontally, and cutting the roots, looſened it entirely from the ground; then, he took it in his arms, lifted it ſoftly out of the trench, and with a ſlow, but firm ſtep, which ſcarcely agitated the branches, he gained the cottage of Galatea.

The

The chamber where ſhe ſlept had a window, that looked into the fields, before this window he laid down his burden, with the utmoſt precaution; the tree ſtood firm and upright, ſupported by the ball of clay which was attached to its roots. Elicio, who had taken care to carry his ſpade with him, dug a hole, ſet his beloved cherry-tree in it, and placed it in ſuch a manner as to have the neſt oppoſite the window, and ſo near, that Galatea by ſtretching out her hand, might be able to careſs the little turtles. Pleaſed with his work, he looked to ſee if he had not diſturbed the doves, they had been juſt awakened, he could diſtinguiſh their heads, which they had ſtretched out now upon the moſs of their neſt. Par-

don

don me, ſaid he to them, pardon me, gentle birds, if I have diſturbed your ſleep; 'tis for your good, as well as my happineſs, you are now Galatea's; as ſoon as ſhe opens her window, fly upon her ſhoulder, peck at her beauteous hair, teach your little ones to love and to careſs your miſtreſs, when I know that you are near her, I ſhall not regret you; but ſhould a rival ever preſent himſelf at this window, Oh! fly away, conſtant birds, come and find me again; when I hear thy melancholy murmurs on my cottage, I will ſoon join my ſad complaints to thine.

The dawn now began to appear, and the ſwallows were already twittering upon the chimney of Galatea; when Elicio,

Elicio, with his ſpade on his ſhoulder, took the way to his cottage. He had not gone far, when he heard ſome one walking after him, he looked back, it was Meoris, the father of Galatea. Elicio trembled when he ſaw him, as if he had been conſcious of doing a bad action; but Meoris ſoon ſet him at reſt, for he did not even queſtion him as to the reaſon of his having been ſo early in the village.— Elicio, ſaid he to him, I was going to you; I have a ſecret to entruſt you with, and I have a piece of ſervice to demand from you, in which my daughter is nearly concerned.—— The ſhepherd, full of joy, kiſſed the old man's hands with tranſport.

They

They then retired into a little wood of myrtles, at ſome diſtance from the road.

END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

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Cadall Sc.

GALATEA.

BOOK III.

GALATEA.

BOOK THE THIRD.

WE are ever complaining of the numberleſs evils of this ſhort life, and it is from ourſelves that they generally proceed. In the thirſt of gold we may perceive the principle of all crimes, and of every misfortune; the Creator of the world foreſaw this, he concealed the fatal metal in the bowels of the earth, and not content with filling up the chaſm,

chaſm, he covered it with flowers, with fruits, and all that ought to ſuffice either for the wants or pleaſures of man; but Avarice, inſatiable Avarice, unſatisfied with ſo many bleſſings, by infinite toils and perils worked into the deep abyſſes, and tearing the gold from hell, diſcovered to the human race, the ſource of all their vices. Alas! who has ſuffered the moſt by this fatal diſcovery? Love. A heart of ſenſibility, no longer confers the right of loving; if one would wiſh to obtain the object of his love, he muſt bring proofs of his riches rather than proofs of his conſtancy; the lover without fortune may be amiable and deſerving, but he will not be happy; the more faithful he is, the more he has to lament; torments and deſpair

are

are the companions of his life.—What then is neceſſary to be done, when Poverty is united to Senſibility? Not to love, ah! that is yet worſe.

Elicio had not made all theſe reflexions when he became attached to Galatea, or perhaps he had made them; but of what ſervice are reflexions in love; we foreſee the evils, we expoſe ourſelves to them; they arrive, and yet are as keenly felt as if they had never been expected.

Eraſtres, Tircis and Damon were ſurpriſed when they awoke and miſſed Elicio.—But no ſooner had the ſun gained his middle courſe, than alarmed and inquiet at not ſeeing their friend return,

return, they went out to ſeek him, in the village.——As they croſſed the little wood of myrtles, they heard his voice; attentive and curious, they ſtopped to liſten, and heard him ſing theſe words:——

I.

I loved a nymph in happier days,
Whoſe heart I fondly thought my own,
I deem'd her worth above all praiſe;
And thought her form'd for me alone

I.

J'aimois une jeune bergere,
Mon amour faiſoit mon bonheur;
Je croyois poſſéder le cœur
De celle qui m'étoit ſi chere.

In

In childhood firſt my paſſion grew,
Her infant grace my boſom warm'd,
No thought my mind could e'er purſue
But that I lov'd, and I was charm'd.

II.

The hope that once ſuſtained this breaſt,
No more, alas! my paſſion feeds:
Another lover now more bleſt,
To all my promiſed joy ſucceeds.

Hélas! pour un autre amant
Elle trahit mon eſpérance,
Et j'aime mieux pleurer ſon inconſtance
Que d' être heureux en l'oubliant.

II.

J'étois encore enfant comme elle
Quand l'amour fit naître mes feux;
Mon cœur, pour en être amoureux,
N'attendit pas qu'elle fût belle.

Unceaſing then my tears ſhall flow,
My loſs demands the conſtant tear;
Yet I've more comfort in my woe,
Far more than in forgetting her.

Hélas! pour un autre amant
Elle trahit mon eſpérance;
Et j'aime mieux pleurer ſon inconſtance
Que d'être heureux en l'oubliant.

The ſhepherds, alarmed by theſe tender plaints, ran towards Elicio, they found him ſitting beneath a beech, his face

face bathed in tears. Scarce had he perceived them, when riſing up haſtily, he ran and threw himſelf on the neck of Eraſtres. My friend, ſaid he, we are going to loſe Galatea; alas! ſhe quits us for ever! liſten, added he, looking on Tircis and Damon, to the ſad ſecret that Meoris has this morning made me the confidant of; I am going to repeat it to you, in his own words.

"Elicio, ſaid he to me, I owe you the utmoſt gratitude for the attachment you have ever ſhewed me, and you are the firſt to whom I confide the intended marriage of my daughter; I concluded all laſt night, ſhe is to wed a rich Portugueſe, whoſe numerous flocks cover the banks of the Lima; four ſhepherds ſent

by the future ſpouſe, are now at my houſe, and to-morrow they depart with Galatea; I know you ever had the affection of a brother for her, and I have therefore made choice of thee, my dear Elicio, and do beſeech you to accompany her to Portugal, to be preſent at her marriage, and to bring me back the certain intelligence of her happineſs.

In ſpight of the ſorrow that his diſcourſe overwhelmed me with, I recovered my voice ſufficiently to reply to him. How! ſaid I, have you been able to conſent to ſeparate yourſelf now in your old age, from your only child? Have you had the heart to condemn her to live far from her father and her friends? Are you very certain that you will

will not be the cauſe of miſery to her, by thus exiling her into a ſtrange land? Do you not think but ſhe will regret . . . . ?—I have ſounded the heart of my daughter, ſaid Meoris, interrupting me, I have made her acquainted with my intentions: ſhe replied to me with her uſual gentleneſs, that ſhe would be always ready to obey me. I diſcovered even in her countenance a ſlight emotion, the certain mark of that joy, which the moſt ſenſible and modeſt girl feels when ſhe is going to be married. Do not therefore be uneaſy about her unhappineſs, but go and prepare yourſelf for the journey; I expect it from your friendſhip.——Behold, my friends, what Meoris ſaid to me, behold that event, which I dreaded more than death.

Tircis,

Tircis, Damon, and above all, Eraſtres, afflicted themſelves with Elicio.—But, ſaid Damon to him, ſince Meoris eſteems and loves you, how comes it that you have never been tempted to make an avowal of your paſſion, and demand Galatea in marriage of him? You do not, ſaid Elicio, know him as well as I do, he has repeatedly declared that his ſon-in-law muſt have wealth equal to what he can give his daughter. If I durſt have ſpoken to him, he would have believed that it was her fortune I loved, and his friendſhip for me would have been changed into contempt. Meoris is too rich not to be miſtruſtful, and I am too poor to be confident.

My

My friend, ſaid Tircis, do not loſe all hope, let us go and find Galatea, let us know from herſelf if it be true, ſhe conſents to marry this Portugueſe, and if, as I ſuſpect, that it will wound her deeply to obey her father, we will endeavour to break this unfortunate marriage. Love and Friendſhip will inſpire us, ſingly they have worked miracles; what will they not do when united?

Elicio followed the counſel of Tircis; the four ſhepherds took the road to the fountain of Ardoiſes, where Galatea retired in the extreme heat of the day; they hoped to find her there, nor was their expectation deceived, the ſhepherdeſs was ſitting near the edge of the water, and in ſo profound a reverie, that

that ſhe did not perceive the ſhepherds when they approached; her eyes, moiſt with tears, were fixed upon the fountain, her head reclined on one of her hands, with the other ſhe careſſed the dog of Elicio; this dog, that for a long time had been oftener with her than with his maſter. The faithful animal ſat at the feet of Galatea, his head was laid upon her knees, his eyes fixed on hers, and his air ſeemed wiſtfully to demand of her, why he was this day careſſed more than uſual.

Elicio made his companions ſtop, that he might enjoy this pleaſing ſight; a ſoft ſatisfaction replaced already the grief that was painted upon his countenance.

Galatea,

Galatea, who believed herſelf alone with the dog, began to ſing theſe words:—

I.

Thou, who art ever at my feet,
Companion that I love ſo well:
Alas! I leave thee with regret,
And now in diſtant climes muſt dwell.

I.

O toi qui ſuis toujours mes pas,
Toi, le compagnon de ma vie,
Tu vas perdre ta bonne amie;
Elle quitte ces beaux climats.

Obedience

II.

Obedience leaves me now no choice,
These fields again I ne'er shall see:
Where oft I've heard my shepherd's voice,
That kindly used to welcome me.

II.

Une obéissance cruelle
M'arrache à ces prés, à ces bois,
Où j'entendis souvent la voix
D'un amant comme toi fidele.

Yet,

III.

Yet, gentle favourite, come with me,
Thou only witneſs of my pains;
For of my paſt felicity,
Thou art all that now remains.

III.

Aimable chien, viens avec moi:
Toujours ſeule avec ma penſée,
De ma félicite paſſée
Il ne me reſtera que toi.

Thy

IV.

Thy maſter quit, with me to dwell,
Yet do not learn of me to grieve:
Thy quick return ſhall ſadly tell,
That far from him I could not live

IV.

Quitte ton maître pour me ſuivre;
Tu reviendras au premier jour:
Il apprendra par ton retour
Que loin de lui je n'ai pu vivre.

The

The tears that Galatea ſhed, prevented farther utterance; Elicio wept alſo, but his were tears of joy; he was no longer maſter of his tranſports, he ran to the ſhepherdeſs, fell upon his knees before her, and ſeizing one of her hands, preſſed it to his lips; Galatea thus ſurpriſed, made ineffectual efforts to get away, ſhe perceived that the other ſhepherds were looking at her, ſhe would have appeared angry, but ſhe could not, ſhe would have fled, but the dog hindered her, jumping and running round her, and alternately careſſing them both—one would have ſaid, that he enjoyed the happineſs which he was procuring to his maſter.

Tircis,

Tircis, Damon, and even Eraſtres, beheld this ſcene with tenderneſs, and durſt not approach the two lovers.—Galatea called them to her, made Elicio riſe, and endeavouring to dry up her tears; I can no longer pretend, ſaid ſhe to them, to hide a ſecret which my imprudence has betrayed; yes, I regret my country, and I leave, perhaps, my heart in it, but I am not the leſs reſolved to obey my father; the ſacred duty that I owe him will ſupport me in every trial. I conjure you, not to double, by your ſorrows, a grief that would be uſeleſs, and above all not to diſturb a ſolitude become neceſſary to me, after the avowal I have juſt made.——At theſe words, ſhe bent her ſteps towards the village, leaving the four ſhepherds immoveable

immoveable with ſurprize; the dog of Elicio alone durſt follow her, ſhe perceived him, and would have hindered him by threatening him with her crook, but the dog ſtill fawned at her feet, and the poor Galatea could not bring herſelf either to beat him or drive him away.

The four friends ſtaid together, holding council upon the moſt likely means of breaking this fatal marriage;—Tircis adviſed to have all the ſhepherds of the country aſſembled together, to go in a body, and ſupplicate Meoris not to part with that treaſure which was the pride of them all. Damon was for going to Portugal to menace the future ſpouſe, and terrify him, ſo that he ſhould of himſelf,

himſelf, renounce Galatea. Elicio inclined to this part; No, no, replied the good Eraſtres, who had been as yet ſilent, none of theſe expedients will ſerve any purpoſe but to irritate Meoris; I have a project which will not fail to render every one happy—except myſelf, I have reſolved on it, and will go and inſtantly put it in practice. In ſaying theſe words, he embraced Elicio, and departed.

The ſhepherds, who did not reckon much on the invention of ſo ſimple a man as Eraſtres, propoſed to go and conſult the hermit Fabian.—They had already proceeded on their way, when they were met by a cavalier ſuperbly clothed, and mounted on a noble horſe; two

two ladies on jennetts, were by his ſide, and the numerous troop of ſervants which followed, ſhewed them to be perſons of diſtinction;—the ſhepherds ſaluted them as they paſſed, the cavalier returned their civility, and ſtopping Elicio—Have the goodneſs, ſhepherd, ſaid he to him, to direct us to ſome convenient place in theſe foreſts, where we may paſs a few hours; the ladies whom you ſee, are fatigued with the heat and the length of the journey, and would be willing to reſt themſelves here. Elicio, who always forgot his own concern in the wiſh to oblige others, conducted them to the fountain of Ardoiſes, which was only a few paces diſtant.

When they arrived there, the ſervants ſpread a table, which they ſoon covered with refreſhments. The two ladies ſat down upon the green herbage, and lifting up their veils, ſurpriſed Tircis and Damon by the ſplendor of their beauty; the eldeſt ſeemed more beautiful of the two—but perhaps, ſhe would not have had this advantage, but for the deep ſorrow that clouded the features of her younger ſiſter.

Elicio now preſſed his companions to depart for the hermitage, but the cavalier detaining them, ſaid, let me enjoy a little longer the happineſs I feel in meeting with you; it would be my wiſh to live with ſhepherds.—What a difference between your happy condition, and that of the inhabitants

inhabitants of towns, Nature has given you for nothing thoſe pleaſures, of which we purchaſe the image. Indolence ſhortens our days; Labour prolongs yours. Deceit, Laſſitude, and perpetual conſtraint is the round we live in. Freedom, Mirth, Content and Sincerity, mark your happy lives;—this day I would turn a ſhepherd, if Niſida would become a ſhepherdeſs..

At the name of Niſida, Elicio looked at the two women with a countenance expreſſive of ſo much aſtoniſhment, that it was remarked by the cavalier. Pardon me, ſaid Elicio, if the name of Niſida has made ſo viſible an impreſſion on me;—it is not long ſince one of our friends ſhed many tears, in talking to us

of Niſida. Have you then, ſaid the cavalier, any ſhepherdeſs who is thus called? No, replied Elicio, ſhe that I mean is no ſhepherdeſs; ſhe is not even of theſe parts, Naples is her country. How! do you then know? I will explain it to you ſaid Elicio, but firſt tell me if your name be not Timbrio;—and if this young perſon be not Blanche, the ſiſter of Niſida. You have indeed, ſaid the cavalier, mentioned their names. Ah! Fabian, Fabian, what an happy day for you!—Is he then here, cried Blanche, and as ſhe ſpoke, the paleneſs of her face was inſtantly effaced by a deep and brilliant red.

Yes, replied Elicio, he is here, and the miſery of having loſt you, was near putting

putting an end to a life that he has now conſecrated to penitence. Fabian is an hermit, and his hermitage is near this. Let us fly and embrace him, ſaid Timbrio; Blanche, ſtarted up, and inſtantly ſet off without knowing the road ſhe was to take. Niſida leaned on the arm of her lover; and Tircis, Damon and Elicio, guided them towards the hermitage.

It was almoſt night when they arrived at the foot of the hill. Timbrio, Niſida, and above all, young Blanche, mounted the hill by the winding path, without ever taking breath. When they came to the door of the hermitage, they found it open, they looked in, but could ſee no one in the cell; uneaſy at not

not finding him there, they were going to call and to run and ſeek him over the hill. The prudent Tircis ſtopped them. Fabian, ſaid he, is without doubt, near this place; but this unhappy friend, who has not even an hope of ever ſeeing you more;—who laments you without ceaſing, would die with joy, ſhould you ſuddenly preſent yourſelves to his view, manage it ſo as to reſtrain your tranſports, and we will find the means to prepare his ſoul to receive a pleaſure which it could not otherwiſe ſuſtain.

Every one approved the advice of Tircis, they agreed that it was neceſſary to ſend forward the ſhepherds, that they might announce to Fabian with precaution, the arrival of thoſe tender friends,

friends, that he was once more going to behold again.

Whilſt they were thus conſulting, Blanche was conſidering, by the light of the moon, the inſide of the cell; a mat of ruſhes, a ſtool and a crucifix of box-wood, was all the furniture that Fabian had. Blanche examined them a long while, ſhe then drew near the crucifix, and throwing herſelf on her knees before it, in a low voice, poured out her thanks to Heaven, for having conducted her to the hermitage.

Timbrio and the ſhepherds were regarding with looks of tenderneſs, this affecting ſight; when deep ſighs and the plaintive voice of ſorrow gave them

to

to underſtand that Fabian was not far off: They perceived the hermit under a wild olive, on his knees, upon the fragment of a rock, his arms ſpread to Heaven. At this ſight, the two ſiſters and Timbrio would have thrown themſelves upon his neck; Tircis was unable to reſtrain them: but Fabian beginning to pray, they all ſtopped to liſten. Niſida and Timbrio remained with their arms extended forward; Blanche ſcarcely reſpiring, raiſed her head over their ſhoulders, and endeavoured every inſtant to wipe away the tears which prevented her almoſt from ſeeing her lover.

God of all mercy, ſaid Fabian, Being Supreme, whom only I ought to love, Thou

Thou who filleſt this world, and ſhould fill my heart, be not offended at my tears.—I have loſt all——I do not murmur——Oh! my God, calm the agonies that I ſuffer, but do not remove from me entirely the remembrance of my misfortunes.

When Fabian began his prayer, Blanche wept in ſilence; but at the laſt words, ſhe cried aloud. Tircis, fearing that ſhe would be heard, deſired Damon to go with Elicio, and interrupt the hermit,—while he remained with Timbrio and the two ſiſters, to hinder them from ſhewing themſelves too ſuddenly.

The two ſhepherds obeyed, Fabian received them with kindneſs: You complain

plain always, ſaid Elicio, and your misfortunes perhaps draw to a concluſion. You are acquainted with them, replied the hermit, judge then if they can ever end; without doubt they might, ſaid Elicio, you ſaw Niſida under the appearance of death, but you are not ſure that ſhe was really dead.—What if ſhe were alive? Ah! impoſſible. On the contrary, replied Elicio, I heard this day, that ſhe and her ſiſter, together with Timbrio, have been unceaſingly occupied in ſearching all Spain, in hopes of finding you. What ſay you? are you very certain that this is my friend? that theſe are the two ſiſters!—Ah! do not ſport with an unfortunate, have pity on my ſorrows, and do not come

to

to agitate me, by abuſing me with a falſe hope.

As he ſaid theſe words, Tircis ſpoke to Niſida, and adviſed her if ſhe could recollect any ſong, to ſing it in the place where ſhe then ſtood, without as yet, offering herſelf to the eyes of the hermit.

Niſida followed his counſel, and be gan the firſt couplet of a ſong that Fabian had formerly made,

Friendſhip,

Friendſhip, thy empire now regain,
O'er the blind god of lovers reign:
He pleaſes but while life's in prime,
But thou mak'ſt happy every time.

Amitié, reprends ton empire
Sur l'aveugle dieu des amants:
Dans la jeuneſſe il peut ſuffire;
Tu rends heureux dans tous les temps.

He

He gives birth to ardent fires,
But gentle ties thy breath inſpires:
He is the ſoul's delicious pleaſure,
But thou its beſt, its ſureſt treaſure.

Il fait naître une vive flamme;
Tu formes un tendre lien:
Il n'eſt que le plaiſir de l'ame;
Et toi ſeule en es le ſoutien.

Fabian

Fabian was yet ſpeaking, when the voice of Niſida ſtruck his ears; he ſtopped, he liſtened, he remains immoveable! his eyes are fixed and his mouth open, preſently looking with a wild air, his reaſon abandons him; terror is painted on his face, he takes the ſhepherds for phantoms, and views them with affright! In the mean time, the voice continued, it penetrated to the bottom of his ſoul. By little and little his fears are diſſipated, his features regain their ſweetneſs, his eyes recover their ſoftneſs; he comes to himſelf, darts like an arrow to the place from whence the voice came, and fell motionleſs into the arms of his friend.

Niſida

Niſida and Timbrio call out, the ſhepherds ran to them, they are all anxiouſly employed in endeavouring to bring him to life; Blanche had already flown to ſeek for water in his cell, ſhe threw it on his face, ſhe held his hands in hers,

"And viewed him with all the minged agonies of hopes
"and fears."

At length he recovers his ſenſes, he opens his eyes, but is ſtill doubtful of his good fortune. Is it you then indeed? ſaid he to Timbrio, is it you whom I have wept and ſorrowed for ſo long? Yes, it is me, it is thy friend, who owes his life to thee. They embrace each other, they mingle their tears together, and remain a long time locked in

in each other's arms. No more of grief, ſaid Timbrio to him, we are all re-united: behold Niſida thy good friend, and Blanche, who would have died if we had not found thee.—What more could you deſire? Ah! nothing, replied the hermit ſmiling, and weeping at the ſame time. Blanche and Niſida held out their arms to him; Fabian would have ſpoken, but he made vain efforts; he took the hands of the two ſiſters, and joining them both together on his breaſt, fell on his knees, and bathed their hands with his tears.

After this tender ſcene, Fabian led his friends into his cell, and there gave them a detail of all that happened to him ſince their ſeparation; the recital was

was ſhort. The prudent Fabian, always the victim of friendſhip, ſpoke of his love for Blanche, as the ſentiment that had moſt occupied him during his ſolitude; the happy Blanche was unable to ſpeak, but ſhe embraced her ſiſter, and dropped the tears of gladneſs upon her boſom.

The hermit now entreated his friend to relate to them in his turn, all his adventures from the moment that he left him on the field of battle, to go and carry the news of his victory to Niſida. The ſhepherds all joined with him in the ſame requeſt; and Timbrio willing to oblige, began thus:—

" After my combat with Pranſil, impatient to ſee Fabian again, I ſent my page to the country-houſe of Niſida; he came back with terror in his looks, and announced to me, the death of my miſtreſs, and the flight of my friend, ſtunned as if by a ſtroke of thunder, I departed inſtantly to inform myſelf of the full extent of my misfortunes. I arrived at the country-houſe, but neither intreaties, preſents, nor ſupplications, could gain me an entrance; while the diſcourſe and tears of the domeſtics, confirmed me in the belief of Niſida's being no more.

" It would be impoſſible for me to tell you what my thoughts were at that moment; ſurely one cannot die of grief,

grief, or I ſhould have expired on the ſpot.—In the midſt of my deſpair, I remembered that there ſtill remained to me a friend, and all wounded as I was, I followed his tracks to Gaietta; when I arrived in that city, I was forced to wait the departure of a Catalonian veſſel that was to return in a few days to Barcelona, the captain received me on board, and my affliction redoubled as we quit the ſhores of Italy, where I had loſt the deareſt object of my heart.

" The wind, which was at firſt favourable to us, fell all of a ſudden, and our veſſel but little removed from the ſhore, was almoſt motionleſs with the calm; I ſhould have ſeen a tempeſt with more pleaſure. Unceaſingly oc-

cupied with my miſeries, always weeping my loſt Niſida, I beſought Heaven that I might die or find my friend. Now my laſt reſource, the only moments that I found leſs bitter, were thoſe that I ſpent playing on a lute, belonging to one of the paſſengers, and accompanying it with my voice.

" The ſecond day of our departure, in the moment when the morn began to glow in the horizon, I was ſitting upon the poop, viewing the vaſt ſea, whoſe tranquil waves reflected the ſtars, now ready to diſappear; all was huſhed around me, the officers and ſailors were buried in profound repoſe;—and even the pilot ſlept upon his helm. The ſails were furled, one heard no noiſe

noiſe but what the prow of the veſſel made, as it moved ſoftly through the water. This profound ſilence, this grand ſpectacle of the ſea and the heavens; Aurora, that came gently on to revive the unfortunate, made me but more keenly feel my ſorrows. I took the lute and ſung theſe words:

Huſh'd

I.

Hush'd are the waves, and silence reigns around,
No noise is heard but zephyr's flutt'ring wings;
The wearied seamen sleep in peace profound,
While I alone do wake to griefs afflictive stings.

I.

Tout se tait, tout est calme et dans l'air et sur l'onde,
L'on n'entend que le bruit des ailes du zéphyr:
Tout dort autour de moi dans une paix profonde;
Moi seul je veille pour souffrir.

Now

II.

Now from her chariot of celeſtial light,
Aurora, to the world a new day ſhews,
All nature ſeems reviving at the ſight,
But I alone that brood upon my woes.

II.

Déja vers l'orient, ſur un char de lumiere,
L'Aurore à l'univers annonce un jour nouveau :
Ce jour eſt un bienfait pour la nature entiere ;
Pour moi ſeul il eſt un fardeau.

I ſink

III.

I ſink beneath the weight, I feel my doom;
Niſida my love, my ſoul's beſt part,
Thou art no more.—The cold and ſilent tomb
Shuts up thy body, and my faithful heart.

III.

Sous le poids des chagrins je ſens que je ſuccombe:
Niſida, cher objet d'amour et de douleur,
Niſida, tu n'es plus: la pierre d'une tombe
Enferme ton corps et mon cœur.

"I was

" I was in the laſt verſe when I heard the noiſe of oars, which ſeemed to approach the ſhip; I liſtened, I looked, the firſt rays of the morn enabled me to diſtinguiſh a bark, ſhe came right upon us, while the efforts of four rowers made her fly upon the ſea.

" When the bark approached us, a woman ſtood upon the deck, and addreſſed me. In the name of Heaven, cried ſhe, have the goodneſs to tell me if your veſſel be not the Catalan that ſailed a few days ſince from Gaietta. Judge of my aſtoniſhment, it was the voice of Blanche, the ſiſter of my Niſida. Ah! my ſiſter! cried I, as by the help of a rope I deſcended like lightning

ning into the bark, I flew to throw myſelf into the arms of Blanche, and I found myſelf in thoſe of Niſida.

"I thought I ſhould have died with joy; immoveable and mute I had not the power to utter a word. Niſida ſpoke to me, encouraged me; I looked at her and trembled in the apprehenſion that this was but a dream, and that my happineſs would diſappear on my awaking.

"Recovered from the firſt tranſports of joy, my next care was to get the tender Niſida and her amiable ſiſter into the ſhip; they were both in the habits of pilgrims, but the captain, inſtructed by me, received them with the reſpect that was due to their birth. It was then

then that I learned from Blanche, how Fabian's forgetting the ſcarf had thrown her ſiſter, who was weakened down with illneſs, into ſo deep a ſwoon that every one believed her to be dead; ſhe did not come to herſelf, till the end of eight hours, learning then of my victory,—my error—my deſpair—and our flight, ſhe reſolved with her ſiſter, to quit all and follow us. Neither her illneſs nor her weakneſs could detain her, ſhe was determined to go, and Blanche diſpoſed every thing for their departure. They had gold and jewels, they were prodigal of all that they might eſcape from their father's houſe. A domeſtick that had been gained over, brought them a litter in the middle of the night. The two ſiſters, furniſhed with diamonds,

monds, and diſguiſed as pilgrims, took the road to Gaietta, where they knew that I had gone. They arrived two days after the departure of the ſhip, by dint of money they procured rowers, who endeavoured to overtake us; the calm unexpectedly ſeconded their efforts—and Love, who doubtleſs protected theſe amiable ſiſters, conducted them without any accident to our veſſel.

"I found my Niſida, but you were wanting to us, my dear Fabian, and this was paying very dear for the favours that we received from Fortune. Blanche felt this as ſenſibly as I did, thy abſence was all that we had to lament.

"After

"After an happy voyage we arrived at Barcelona, we had hopes of learning ſomething of you there, but our reſearches were vain. Blanche was the firſt to mention that we ſhould travel over all Spain, and never reſt till we had found thee, ſhe was very ſure that this advice would be followed; we reſolved to go firſt to Toledo, where the relations of Niſida live, we wrote to her father, acquainting him with our adventures, and aſking his permiſſion for us to be married at Toledo; he replied as we would have wiſhed, and we were now on our way to that city, ſtill enquiring with painful anxiety for our dear Fabian, when our good fortune conducted us here."

Such

Such was the hiſtory of Timbrio. As ſoon as he had ceaſed to ſpeak, the hermit took him by himſelf into a corner of his cell, and ſaid to him with a timid voice, Is it neceſſary for me to go alſo to Toledo? Timbrio, ſurprized at his queſtion, looked at him, Fabian threw down his eyes and let ſome tears eſcape him. His friend held him in his arms; yes, ſaid he, 'tis very neceſſary that you ſhould come to Toledo, to eſpouſe thy dear Blanche, ſhe adores thee; never has ſhe been one inſtant without thinking of thee. You loved her always, Is it not true?—More than my life, replied Fabian, but I love thee ſtill more; come, added he, ſmiling, I ſhall quit this habit of an hermit, and you muſt find me one more proper for a bride-

a bridegroom; but if you will be advised by me, when we ſhall be united to theſe two charming ſiſters, we will come back here and live with theſe good ſhepherds, who love us, and who deſerve that we ſhould love them. I have already formed the project, replied Timbrio, I am tired of the parade of the world, and I would wiſh to finiſh my life in theſe ſweet retreats, and enjoy what yet remains of it between my wife and my friend.

After this converſation they came back, and gave an account of it to the two ſiſters and the ſhepherds; every one ſeemed delighted, and applauded the deſign.

In

In the mean time the night advanced, Elicio adviſed them to haſten to the village; I have no houſe, ſuch as would accommodate you, ſaid he, to the four lovers, but I will conduct you to that of Galatea; Meoris her father, will feel himſelf honoured by receiving you.

His advice is followed, they ſet out, they double their pace, they arrive; Meoris was going to ſit down at table, with his daughter, Floriſe, Teolinda, and the four ſhepherds from Portugal, who were the next day to carry Galatea along with them; they knock at the door, the dogs bark, Meoris went to open it himſelf; Elicio demands from him an hoſpitable reception for Niſida, Blanche and the two friends; the old ſhepherd,

ſhepherd, honoured by ſuch gueſts, received them with reſpect, he called his daughter, and made her add to the ſupper whatever was good in the houſe, and inviting them to ſit down to table, made excuſes for what they had; giving them to underſtand that better fare would have been provided, had they been expected.

During ſupper Galatea endeavoured all in her power to hide the grief that preyed on her heart. Elicio placed himſelf as far off from the Portugueſe as he could, he viewed them with rage;—and ſometimes his eyes met thoſe of Galatea. The repaſt being ended, they all roſe from table, and went to enjoy the cooling freſhneſs of the air,

upon the ſtone benches which were at the door of the houſe. Old Meoris was willing to recount to his gueſts the brilliant marriage which he was making for his daughter; he dwelt upon the riches of his intended ſon-in-law, riches, which the Portugueſe did not fail to exaggerate. The two friends, and the two ſiſters, thought themſelves bound to felicitate Galatea, ſhe made no reply; and the unhappy Elicio devoured his tears. Suddenly they were alarmed with the diſmal ſound of a trumpet, which was heard in the village.

Meoris, his gueſts, and all the inhabitants ran to the public green, from whence the ſad ſounds ſeemed to proceed, they perceived four men cloathed

in

in mourning, and crowned with cypreſs, two of them carried lighted flambeaux in their hands, the two others ſounded the trumpets, in the midſt of the four was a miniſter of the Eternal, clothed in his ſacerdotal robes.

This was the venerable Salvadore, the paſtor of the ſhepherds, who conſoled them under their misfortunes, and who returned thanks to Heaven for their happineſs; all the village was his family, all the orphans his children; for forty years he had filled the ſublime employment of praiſing God, and being ſerviceable to man.

Shepherds, ſaid he to them, to-morrow is the day that I have choſen in

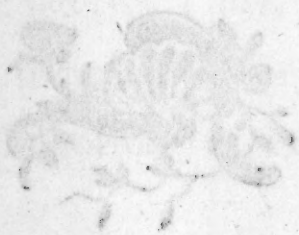
this year, to honour the aſhes of our brothers in the valley of tombs; think on this ſacred duty, and at the earlieſt dawn aſſemble yourſelves at this place, in the ſad apparel ſuitable to this intereſting occaſion.

After having with a ſtrong voice pronounced theſe words, Salvadore took the road to his own houſe. Every one agreed to meet there at the point of day, to fulfil ſo holy a duty; Meoris was not willing that his daughter ſhould be abſent. He prayed the Portugueſe that they ſhould defer their departure, Elicio bounded with joy, and Galatea conceived ſomething like Hope, to flutter in the bottom of her heart.

Niſida,

Niſida, Blánche, Teolinda and the two friends, requeſted of the inhabitants of the village permiſſion to accompany them to the valley of tombs; they were flattered with their demand. The four Portugueſe then ſolicited the ſame favour; but they were refuſed with an unanimous voice, they were odious from the time it was known that they came to ſeek Galatea. They retired full of deſpight; and the night being far advanced, every one now went to deliver themſelves up to ſleep.

END OF THE THIRD BOOK.



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GALATEA.

BOOK IV.

GALATEA.

BOOK THE FOURTH.

MELANCHOLY, thou ſoothing power, I yield myſelf up to thy influence, come and ſhed over my laſt ſcenes thy ſoft and ſombre gloom, ſo pleaſing to the heart of ſenſibility; fear not to awaken every tender emotion, the tears which you cauſe to flow, are to feeling ſouls what the dew is to flowers; where is the lover baniſhed from his miſtreſs, the

the friend deprived of his friend, the mother far diſtant from her beloved child, who does not conſider thee as the deareſt poſſeſſion fate has left them. How delicious are thoſe moments in which, ſeparated from the world, alone with our hearts and remembrance only, we retire into ourſelves, or rather fill our mind with the dear idea of the object of our affections; what a pleaſure to recall the various æras of progreſſive love; the firſt hour we have felt that paſſion, the firſt avowal we have made of it, the air with which that avowal was heard, the fears, the ſuſpicions, and even the quarrels, all are preſent, all are traced with delight, we enjoy anew the pleaſures we have experienced, we enjoy even the diſquietudes

we

we have ſuffered. If every hope be torn from the heart, if unpitying death has cut off in the hour of youth and beauty, the object of our love; the tears which we give to her memory have charms, the recollection of her ſtill leaves upon our hearts an impreſſion of happineſs; we would perhaps be more deſerving of pity if it were poſſible we could be conſoled.

Thus thought the wiſe Salvadore; he conſecrated one day in the year to tears of tender recollections of friendſhip and of Love. This day was now come, Salvadore, cloathed in his ſable veſtments, appeared on the green; ſoon after him came the inhabitants of the village covered with crapes, crowned with

with cypreſs and carrying their crooks bound round with black ribbands. Salvadore regulated the order of the march, he ſeparated the ſhepherds from the ſhepherdeſſes, and ranged them in two files.

On the right moved Niſida, Blanche, Teolinda, Floriſe; and the young maidens moved under the conduct of Galatea. On the left ſide oppoſite theſe, marched Timbrio, Fabian, Damon, Tircis and all the young lads, having Elicio at their head, Eraſtres alone was abſent. After theſe came the married women conducted by Sylveria, and their huſbands led by Daranio; this happy troop were almoſt as handſome as the firſt, they were followed by a third, leſs

leſs brilliant indeed, but more reſpectable, theſe were the widows and the old men, they were guided by Meoris and the mother of Eraſtres; they wore no crowns, but their white hair gave them an intereſting and affecting appearance, their trembling hands carried ebony ſticks, with which they ſupported themſelves. Alas! it was to theſe, above all, that the ceremony was affecting; they went to weep upon the tomb of a child, a ſiſter, a wife or an huſband.

Salvadore cloſed the march, he had choſen this place, to be near the moſt unhappy; at each ſide of him four beautiful children, clothed in linen robes and crowned with flowers, carried with reſpectful awe, the holy water,

the

the incenſe and the fire;—proud of this employment, which was the reward of a year's good behaviour, they advanced more gravely than the old people.

To arrive at the valley of tombs, it was neceſſary to go near a league upon the banks of the Tagus, and under a green canopy formed by a double row of poplars. The ſhepherds marched in ſilence through fields, upon the verdant turf, thick ſown with flowers which wereſtill moiſt with dew. The ſun began to gild the tops of the mountains, and announced one of the fineſt days of ſummer, all the expanſe of heaven was a deep azure, a ſoft breeze gently agitated the leaves, and lulled the little birds in their neſts; the lark, already loſt

loſt in the air, made himſelf be heard though he could not be perceived; the nightingale, fatigued with having warbled through the night, re-animated himſelf to hail the return of day; the turtle and her mate joined their reſponſive plaints to the melody of the linnet's voice; the flowers exhaled their ſweets; the fiſhes ſported upon the ſmooth waters of the river; all nature, at the moment of its revival, ſeemed to thank the bountiful Creator for the new benefits which he beſtowed.

Timbrio, Blanche and Niſida, little accuſtomed to this ſpectacle, contemplated it with ſurpriſe; the entering into the valley of tombs filled them with freſh admiration.

Upon

Upon the bank of that beautiful river, whoſe waters roll over golden ſands, is a ſpace of a mile ſquare, girt on all ſides by a chain of hills, but one paſſage leads into it through a long defile, the ſides of which are lined with rows of cypreſs that riſe above each other like an amphitheatre, and ſo cloſely locked together, that their interlacing branches form a thick wall and high as the tops of the hills; roſes and wild jeſſamine relieved with their red and yellow flowers, the dark green of thoſe walls; no flocks had ever penetrated into this aſylum; the wood-cutter never carryed the axe into theſe ſacred groves. A profound ſilence reigned every where, one only heard the gentle falling of caſcades, which

deſcend-

deſcending under the thick foliage, united together in a bed of moſs, and rolled their little ſilver floods into the Tagus.

At the extremity of this avenue is an antique fir-tree, which ſeems to ſhut up the valley, upon its bark are engraven theſe words :—

This

This dread asylum, passenger revere,
If Vice corrupts thee, tremble here to tread;
The good alone, may boldly enter here,
And drop a tear upon the virtuous dead.

Passant, respecte cet asyle:
Si ton cœur est pervers, tremble d'y pénétrer;
Mais, s'il est vertueux, marche d'un pas tranquille,
A ces tombeaux tu peux pleurer.

In

In the interior of the valley the cypreſs reigned all around, in the midſt a fountain of water, ever moiſtened and refreſhed the green turf; the tombs are ſcattered here and there, ſome are already covered with ivy, others ſtill ornamented with garlands; but each of them encloſed what was mortal of a being that loved virtue.

The honour of being interred in this valley was not granted to all the dead; it was the recompence of an irreproachable life. The village, in aſſembly, adjudged it; alas! the tombs were but few!

The ſhepherds being arrived at the fountain, ſtopped there; and Salvadore

raiſing his voice, ſeparate yourſelves, ſaid he, you will aſſemble near me, when the trumpet ſounds again. At theſe words every one diſperſed; each widow, each orphan, ran to the ſtone that covered the object of their tears.

Timbrio, Fabian and the two ſiſters loſt ſight of Elicio, they looked around the valley for him; they ſoon diſcovered him on his knees before the tomb of his mother, his hands were joined together, and his eyes, full of tears raiſed up to heaven—Oh! my mother, ſaid he, you are ſurely happy, ſince you were always good; look down upon me from your dwelling above, watch over me, and ſo inſpire my heart that I may love virtue as well as I have loved

loved you. In pronouncing theſe words, he preſſed his face upon the tomb, while his tears ran along upon the ſtone.

The four lovers liſtened to him in ſilence, they approached him, and Timbrio taking the hand of the ſhepherd, worthy ſon, ſaid he to him, you fill my heart with tenderneſs and reſpect; promiſe to be my friend, and from this moment, I will renounce the world, become a ſhepherd, with Niſida, Blanche and Fabian;—in your neighbourhood I will purchaſe a cottage and live contented. You would be too near an unfortunate, ſaid Elicio; from the time that I loſt my mother, one ſentiment alone remained in my heart to make

life desirable, that sentiment was love; and to-morrow I lose the object of it for ever. They pressed him to explain himself more fully; this, replied the shepherd, is not a place where I can speak to you of my misfortunes, when we have got out of the valley I shall relate them to you.

He was still speaking, when the trumpet sounded. Explain to us, said Timbrio, why Salvadore now recalls us;—to honour, replied Elicio, the ashes of the last shepherd whom we have lost,—we shall immediately hear the history of his life, which will be sung to us by the most discreet of our shepherdesses.

Every

Every one was now aſſembled at the fountain; their venerable conductor guided them to a tomb, the ſtone was ſtill white, and this ſimple inſcription on it:

HERE RESTS

A

GOOD SON.

Salvadore walked three times round the tomb, he pronounced the accuſtomed prayers, burnt incenſe, and ſprinkled round the holy water. He then took the hand of Galatea, and gave

gave her the paper wherein was written the hiſtory of him whom they lamented; a modeſt bluſh overſpread the face of Galatea, ſhe ſtood cloſe to the tomb, and all the ſhepherds liſtened to her in deep ſilence:

I.

Liſis, the kind, the generous ſwain,
Louiſa long had lov'd;
And ſoon ſhe felt the gentle flame,
And all his vows approv'd.

I.

Des bergers de notre village
Liſis fut le plus amoureux:
Louiſe reçut ſon hommage,
Et partagea bientôt ſes feux.

He

II.

He aſk'd her at her father's hand,
Who, hard of heart, replied;
"Be rich as her whom you demand,
"And ſhe ſhall be your bride."

II.

Il la demande à ſa famille;
Mais le pere dit à Liſis:
Soyez riche autant que ma fille,
Je ne la donne qu' à ce prix.

Poor

III.

Poor Liſis' cottage and his heart,
His only riches were:
The cot, he meant his mother's part,
His heart, Louiſa's ſhare.

III.

Hors ſon amour et ſa chaumiere
Le pauvre Liſis n'avoit rien:
La cabane étoit pour ſa mere,
Et pour Louiſe l'autre bien.

All

IV.

All ſad, he quits his native plains,
To ſeek the golden ſhore;
And there by induſtry and pains,
Amaſſ'd a little ſtore.

IV.

Il part, il quitte ſa patrie;
Il arrive au pays de l'or:
Là, par une honnête induſtrie,
Il amaſſe un petit tréſor.

Now

V.

Now full of hope, he comes from thence,
And finds Louiſa true;
Her hand's to be the recompence,
To faithful love long due.

V.

Liſis revient plein d'eſpérance;
Louiſe eſt fidele, et l'attend:
Sa main ſera la récompenſe
Des travaux d'un ſi tendre amant.

VI.

At length the bridal morn appears
To end the lover's ſighs;
But fearful tidings reach his ears,
That ill his mother lies.

VI.

Il va poſſéder ſon amie:
Mais, la veille d'un jour ſi beau,
Par une affreuſe maladie
Sa mere eſt au bord du tombeau.

The

VII.

The trembling Liſis flies like thought,
He quits his lovely maid;
A ſkiful doctor inſtant ſought,
Embrac'd his knees and ſaid:—

VII.

Liſis tremblant court à la ville;
Il ne ſonge plus aux amours:
Du médecin le plus habile
Liſis implore les ſecours.

Oh!

VIII.

Oh! ſhould ſhe die, I'd ceaſeleſs grieve,
Her life is joined to mine,
If by your ſkill ſhe yet may live,
My treaſure all is thine.

VIII.

Ma mere va m'être ravie,
Dit-il embraſſant ſes genoux:
Si votre art lui ſauve la vie,
Ce que je poſſede eſt à vous.

The

IX.

The doctor ſaves her by his art,
Poor Liſis yields his ſtore;
The maid reſigns—and grief of heart,
Muſt think of her no more.

IX.

Le médecin par ſa ſcience,
Rend la mere aux vœux de ſon fils:
Le tréſor eſt ſa récompenſe,
Plus de Louiſe pour Liſis.

X.

A richer ſhepherd weds the maid,
Wealth bears away the prize:
Yet Liſis no diſtreſs betrayed,
But ſmothered all his ſighs.

X.

Un autre épouſe la bergere:
Liſis le voit ſans murmurer;

He

XII.

He feign'd content with pious art,
His mother's peace to ſave;
But ſilent ſorrow broke his heart,
And laid him in the grave.

XII.

Et, l'air content près de ſa mere,
Il mourut, et n'oſa pleurer.

Galatea reſumed her place.

My friends, ſaid Salvadore, your own hearts ſpeak better to you than it is poſſible for me to do, you are all moved to tears at the relation of a virtuous action; think then, what muſt be the delight of doing one. After theſe few words, the venerable paſtor led the ſhepherds out of the valley; he broke the order of their march, and all diſperſed themſelves among the beautiful meadows that were watered by the Tagus.

The two friends, and the two ſiſters, who had not forgotten the promiſe of Elicio, took the road to the fountain of Ardoiſes. The unhappy ſhepherd

herd recounted to them his love, and the deep deſpair that he felt at the thoughts of Galatea's marriage. Fabian, Blanche and Niſida endeavoured to conſole him, while Timbrio was deviſing by what means he might have him united to his miſtreſs.

Behind theſe at a little diſtance, Galatea, Florife, Teolinda, Tircis and Damon walked together without ſpeaking. The daughter of Meoris reflected that the very next day was to be the day of her departure. Floriſe was forming the project of following her into Portugal; while the ſad Teolinda envied the condition of thoſe who ſlept in the valley of tombs.

To reach the fountain of Ardoiſes, it was neceſſary to quit the banks of the Tagus and croſs ſome hills covered with wood. The dog of Elicio, who was not that day permitted to follow Galatea, remained in the village; he ſaw ſome of the ſhepherds coming home; but not perceiving either his maſter or his miſtreſs he ran to ſeek them, and joined them juſt as they entered the wood.

After having friſked from one party to another, alternately careſſing Elicio and Galatea, he ran about the mountain and ſtarted a wild kid, which he cloſely purſued; the kid fled and paſſed near to the ſhepherdeſſes. Fear gave him ſtrength, he gained, without being ſtopped, a cavern, which he entered bleating,

bleating, the dog followed him; Galatea cried out for ſome one to ſave the little goat; every one ran, they arrive at the mouth of the cave, and Elicio in a moment, darts into it after the dog.

Tircis, Damon and the two friends, laughing, endeavoured to quiet the fears of the ſhepherdeſs, and waited at the mouth of the cave expecting to ſee the lover of Galatea appear with the young goat in his arms.—But ſuddenly a frightful noiſe aſſailed their ears from the bottom of the cavern; they ſoon ſaw Elicio come forth, ſtruggling with a man whoſe aſpect was terrifying; he was covered with tattered rags, a black and thick beard hid half of his face, his long hair floated in diſorder on his ſhoulders,

ſhoulders, his arms naked and nervous, were employed in an endeavour to ſtrangle Elicio; the ſhepherd, not leſs vigorous, held his left hand againſt the hairy breaſt of the wild man, his right hand faſtened in his hair, pulled back the head of his enemy; they were ſilent, their eyes darting fire at each other, their limbs were twiſted together; while each with all his force, endeavoured to throw his adverſary to the ground.

The dog of Elicio had not quit his maſter, and would have made efforts to ſuccour him, but a wild goat gave him enough to do to defend himſelf; attentive that he ſhould not get to her ſide, ſhe puſhed him before her, ſtill menacing

menacing him with her horns, whilſt the young kid now loſing all fear, jumped round its mother, and ſeemed to brave him that he ſo lately dreaded.

Tircis, Damon and the two friends, flew to ſeparate the combatants, and Timbrio ſeizing the ſavage, had need of all his force to hold him—but Teolinda faints, and every one ran to her aſſiſtance; the wild man throws his eyes upon her, he remains immoveable, gazing intently upon the pale face of the ſhepherdeſs. Suddenly ſtarting from the arms of Timbrio, he caught up the young goat, the innocent cauſe of ſo many accidents, he fell on his knees to Teolinda, and preſented it to her with a ſubmiſſive air; ſcarcely had the

ſhepherdeſs

ſhepherdeſs come to herſelf, when ſhe fell on the neck of the wild man. Ah! is it you, cried ſhe, Artidore, my dear Artidore, you have not then forgotten your poor Teolinda. At the name of Teolinda, Artidore changed colour, he ſprings up, and looking wildly on the ſhepherdeſs, Teolinda! ſaid he, ſhe has deceived me;—I remember her well; Is ſhe here?—Yes, replied Teolinda, with a trembling voice, ſhe is here, ſhe only lives for you! Liſten, ſaid Artidore, ſpeaking to her in a low voice, you muſt bring me to her, I wiſh to reproach her with her perfidy, I wiſh to tell her that I no longer love her. Afterwards we will return and dwell in my cave, you ſhall be my friend, and I will give you my little goat.

Teolinda

Teolinda ſaw by this diſcourſe, that grief had unſettled the reaſon of the unfortunate Artidore. She looked on him with earneſtneſs, while the tears ran down her eyes, and preſſing his hand with tenderneſs, I deſire nothing more, ſaid ſhe, I will never quit you again, I will remain with you to the laſt hour of my life, I hope to prove to you that Teolinda was not to blame. In ſaying theſe words, ſhe took the arm of Artidore, and led him with her into the road that conducted them to the fountain of Ardoiſes, the goat and her young one followed them, while the reſt of the ſhepherds kept a few paces behind, impatient to ſee the end of this adventure.

As

As they went along, Teolinda uſed every effort to recall him to a recollection which ſhe at once feared and wiſhed; attentive to ſay nothing that might be diſpleaſing to her lover, ſhe ſpoke with precaution of herſelf, brought with tenderneſs their loves to his memory, recounted the hiſtory of her twin ſiſter, and all the tears ſhe had coſt her. She obſerved the effects of each word upon the countenance of Artidore, followed ſtep by ſtep the progreſs that ſhe made on his reaſon, and ſtrained every faculty of her ſoul to bring back the affections of her lover. Artidore liſtens to her like a man come out of a long ſleep; he replies properly to ſome queſtions, makes her repeat others; by little and little, his memory and his ideas come

come to him; Love bereft him of reaſon, Love ought to give it back to him again; he ſtops, he conſiders Teolinda, recollects her, falls at her feet, holds her in his arms, and his tears proved to the ſhepherdeſs, that her lover was no longer inſenſible.

They arrived at the fountain, where every one joined them; Floriſe and Galatea had related as they went along, all that they knew of the loves of Artidore and Teolinda. After having felicitated the ſhepherdeſs, they begged of her to prevail on her lover to begin a recital of his adventures from the moment that the twin ſiſter had ſo cruelly deceived him. Artidore conſented, and though a little aſhamed of the ſituation

in

in which he found himſelf, he continued thus his hiſtory :—

" The diſcourſe of the falſe Teolinda threw me into the moſt dreadful deſpair, I reſolved to fly for ever from her whom I believed ſo perfidious; I was willing, however, to let her know that I ſtill loved her, and I engraved my eternal farewell upon the bark of a poplar; I do not even remember what I wrote. From that time my reaſon grew weak and abandoned me; I wandered without end in the fields, and I was four days without taking any nouriſhment, this abſtinence completed my diſorder, I can but confuſedly recal what happened to me; two circumſtances alone, are engraven on my memory.

I def-

"I deſcended a little hill, which ſhould not, I think, be far from this place, when I ſuddenly heard a noiſe in the thicket, and ſaw this little goat that is now lying at my feet, flying from a furious wolf, who purſued him with a diſtended throat; the firſt thing I did was to throw myſelf upon the wolf, I had no weapons;—obliged to ſtruggle with the ferocious animal, we rolled together in the duſt, madneſs, no doubt, added to my ſtrength, and made me inſenſible to danger, I ſtrangled the animal in my arms, and without regarding whether the little goat followed me, I purſued my way to the cavern where you found me.

The

"The obſcurity and the total retirement of that habitation, made me chuſe it for my tomb. I penetrated into the deepeſt part of it, I ſat down upon a ſtone, and then recalling to mind the perfidy of Teolinda, my reaſon viſited me for a moment to make me more ſenſible of all my miſeries;—reſolved never more to go out of this cavern, I rolled a great ſtone to ſhut up the entrance of it. Impriſoned in my tomb, I felt a kind of frightful joy. I extended myſelf upon the earth, with the hope of never riſing more.

"I was in this ſtate of calm deſpair, neither fearing nor deſiring that my ſufferings ſhould be long, when a plaintive bleating ſtruck my ears. I liſten,

liſten, I hear it ſtill, it ſeemed to come from the entrance of the cavern. In ſpight of myſelf I was affected, I riſe up, I run to where the noiſe came from, and I perceived the little goat that I had ſaved, he had paſſed his white noſe between the ſtone and the rock, and ſeemed to demand of me to open it to him.

"My eyes were filled with tears, I puſhed the ſtone away gently, and as the entrance was wide enough, a large goat puſhed in, followed by its young one, the dam was wounded and bleeding; ſcarce had ſhe got in, when ſhe lay down at my feet, panting with fatigue and pain, the little goat went round and round her, bleating mournfully, licked

licked the wounds of her mother, and then would careſs me, as if beſeeching me to aſſiſt her.

"I examined where ſhe bled, I knew the marks of the wolf's teeth, I went to ſeek ſome water, I waſhed the wounds, ſtaunched the blood, and I tied them up with a part of my clothes, after this operation, the goat ſeemed to regard me with tenderneſs, ſhe lay ſoftly down, ſhewed her paps full of milk, and ſeemed to invite me to partake the nouriſhment of her little one, whom I reſtored to her.

"No human conſolations would have been able to hinder me from dying; this goat and her young one attached me

me to life. Reſolved to paſs my days with them, I went to ſeek a proviſion herbs and fruits, and I arranged the cavern for us three. The next day I dreſſed her wounds again, and in four days ſhe was cured; ſhe went out ſometimes alone, ſometimes with her young one, who followed us equally; I rambled on my ſide, in the neighbouring mountains, every evening we found each other again. When I met in my wanderings wild thyme or cityſus, I brought it to my companion, ſhe eat it out of my hands, I eat my wild fruits, and the little goat ſucked its dam. After our repaſt I ſhut up the entrance of our dwelling with the ſtone, then lying down upon dried leaves and moſs, we delivered ourſelves up to ſleep.

"To day, the exceſſive heat had hindered the goat and myſelf from going out of the cave, the little one was jumping and ſporting for a long while before its entrance. I ſtill believed her to be there, when I ſaw her run in, all trembling and purſued by a dog; very ſoon after a man appeared. I declare to you, that at this ſight, I was no longer maſter of my fury, I ran upon him with the idea of ſtrangling him, ſo much was I enraged that a man ſhould come to take from me the only friends that I thought remained to me in the world. You have been witneſſes of my combat, and its fortunate iſſue; this day is the happieſt of my life, I have found my Teolinda, and I feel my reaſon reſtored to me again. I will paſs my

life

life with her whom I have long adored, and my goat and its young one ſhall never quit me."

In ſaying theſe words, he careſſed them with one hand, and held out the other to Teolinda.

The recital of Artidore had filled them all with tenderneſs, and they thanked him with tears in their eyes. He begged Elicio, in a low voice, to procure him the means of cutting off his beard, and to furniſh him with another habit;—come with me, ſaid the ſhepherd, I have in my cottage, all that is neceſſary for you. Go then, added Timbrio, we will wait for you here, and in your abſence, I ſhall con-

ſider of ſomething to ſay to the father of .... he ſtopped himſelf there;—Galatea bluſhed—Artidore went with Elicio, Teolinda begged of him not to ſtay long, and the goat and her kid followed him.

Galatea had heard that Timbrio intended to ſpeak to her father, ſhe gueſſed that her preſence would be a reſtraint; and feigning to be obliged to return to her houſe, ſhe took leave of Blanche, Niſida and Teolinda, and took the road to the village, accompanied by no one but her dear Florife.

They had gone but a little way, when four men ſtarted from behind a hedge, ſeiſed the two ſhepherdeſſes,

prevented

prevented them with their handkerchiefs, from crying out, and forced them upon two mules that they had there, ready prepared for the purpoſe; Galatea and Floriſe obeyed them trembling, the four men mounted on horſeback, placed the mules in the centre, and ſet off in a full gallop towards the frontiers of Caſtile.

The raviſhers were the four Portugueſe, who had for ſome days been at the houſe of Meoris, they ſaw how coldly they were received by all the village, they remembered the manner that Elicio had looked at them, after ſupper, and the tenderneſs with which he viewed Galatea, had made them ſuſpect the truth; the delay that Meoris had

had made to go to the valley of tombs, the refuſal of the inhabitants to let them accompany them to that valley, ſeemed to them to be a pretext and an inſult; they feared beſides, to return without Galatea, and they conceived that the carrying her off, would be pardoned when the daughter of Meoris was married to their maſter, every thing as yet had ſucceeded to their wiſhes, they fled with their prey—but Love watched over Galatea.

Artidore having changed his clothes in the cottage of Elicio, was returning with him to the fountain, they ſaw at a diſtance, the four cavaliers, and knew the ſhepherdeſſes; Elicio gave a great cry and flew to his miſtreſs, with both his

his hands he ſtopped the mules. One of the Portugueſe raiſed his arm to pierce Elicio with a lance; at the ſame inſtant Artidore ran to his aſſiſtance, and with the ſtroke of a ſtick he broke the arm of the barbarian;—the two ſhepherdeſſes ſeiſed the moment of confuſion, ſlipped from their mules, and being well acquainted with the place, ran with all their ſpeed to look for ſuccour at the fountain. In the mean time Elicio had ſeiſed upon the lance of the wounded man, and ſtanding cloſe to Artidore, theſe two brave ſhepherds on foot, and armed only with a lance and a ſtick, made head againſt the three treacherous cavaliers, who wiſhed to avenge their companion.

This

This unequal combat was long continued, but courage was yielding to force. Elicio, wounded in the arm, could no longer defend himſelf—when Timbrio, ſword in hand, fell like thunder upon the Portugueſe, at the firſt ſtroke, he made the head fly from the ſhoulders of him that preſſed hardeſt on Elicio. Tircis, Damon and Fabian were now arrived, when the two remaining Portugueſe, putting ſpurs to their horſes, fled with the utmoſt ſpeed.

The wounds of Elicio were not dangerous, but he loſt much blood; Galatea is terrified, ſhe ſtops it with her handkerchief, ſhe dreſſed the wound herſelf,—this alone, would have been ſufficient

ſufficient to have cured Elicio; they led him to the village, his arm in a ſcarf, Galatea ſupporting him, and this favour more than paid him for the danger he ran in ſuccouring her.

When they came to the houſe of Meoris, the old man, enraged at the attempt of the Portugueſe, declared that he looked on himſelf as releaſed from his promiſe. Behold, ſaid Timbrio preſenting the wounded man to him, the deliverer of your daughter, Elicio deſerves to poſſeſs her whom his valour has ſaved; his poverty alone could have made you heſitate to conſent to his happineſs;—but he is to day as rich as you yourſelf. I poſſeſs a large fortune, and I am willing ....., as he ſaid theſe words,

words, they heard a great noiſe at the door of the houſe; they ſaw entering into the yard, a beautiful ram ornamented with ribbands of various colours, his enormous bell was diſtinguiſhed amongſt thoſe of an hundred ſheep that followed him—each with its lamb. Eraſtres came after them attended by two dogs, with whom he left the care of this beautiful flock, and with his crook in his hand, ſpoke thus to the father of Galatea:—

Meoris, ſaid he, I was myſelf in love with your daughter, and I might have diſputed her with the Portugueſe, to whom you have given her; but I muſt be juſt, neither I nor the Portugueſe merit Galatea; Elicio alone is worthy of

of her. You may believe this avowal, when it comes from the mouth of his rival;—you required that your ſon-in-law ſhould be rich, behold this flock, which is in itſelf a fortune, it is Elicio's, it is not I who have beſtowed it; I have done no more than go among the neighbouring hamlets, Elicio has ſo many friends, that each of them gave him a lamb and its mother; and in two days I have formed this flock.

He had ſcarcely done ſpeaking, when Elicio bathed him with his tears. Ah! my friend, whatever be my fate, thy friendſhip will make me worthy of being envied: I dare not hope for Galatea, but ..... She is yours, ſaid Meoris, with tears in his eyes, come, my daughter,

ter, I will beſtow you on your deliverer; come and embrace thy huſband. Galatea, bluſhing deeper than the roſe, approached, yet feared to advance too quick; Elicio was on his knees, and held out to her with reſpect, the only hand he had at liberty;—Galatea looked at him, ſtopped, threw down her eyes, her face glowed with a deeper crimſon. Her father, who enjoyed this tender embarraſſment, took her by the hand, and conducted her to her happy lover, even then he was obliged gently to force her to join her mouth to Elicio's; and that kiſs was the firſt that Galatea had received in all her life.

They then made Eraſtres acquainted with the vile attempt that had been made

made to carry off Galatea and Floriſe. Timbrio came to him, ſhepherd, ſaid he to him, you have wreſted from me one of the ſweeteſt moments of my life. I intended to divide my fortune with Elicio, that he might have eſpouſed Galatea, but you have prevented me; you do not love him better however than I do, but as you have loved him longer, 'tis but juſt that you ſhould be preferred. I hope, at leaſt, added he, raiſing his voice, that you will ſuffer me to accompliſh another deſign; I will make four parts of my fortune, the firſt ſhall belong to my friend Fabian; I ſhall preſent the ſecond to Teolinda and Artidore, to engage them to fix here; the third ſhall be put into the hands of Salvadore, to be diſtributed among the poor

poor of the village; and the fourth part ſhall be diſpoſed of in purchaſing an houſe, lands and a flock for Niſida and me. Yes, my good friends, I will become a ſhepherd, I will end my days with you and Fabian; our cottages ſhall be near each other, our families ſhall be united, we will live an example for the village, and we will all grow old together in peace, in happineſs, and in love.

Every one admired the generoſity of Timbrio; Artidore and Teolinda held him in a long and ſilent embrace. Meoris was willing that the contracts ſhould be all ſettled that evening; he ran to ſpread in the village the news of ſo many happy events, and brought back with

with him the notary and the venerable Salvadore.

The contracts were ſoon finiſhed, and it was agreed that Timbrio, the very next day, ſhould ſend back all his ſuite to Toledo; with a confidential ſervant, who ſhould carry the news to the relations of Niſida, and bring back in ready money, the fortune of his maſter. In the mean time, Meoris was to purchaſe the flocks and farms for the new ſhepherds; and 'till all was got ready, Timbrio and Fabian, with their wives, were to remain at the houſe of Meoris; and Teolinda and Artidore at that of Eraſtres.

Nothing

Nothing was now wanting but to fix the day of their four marriages; Elicio, notwithſtanding his wounds, was decided that it ſhould be the next day, nor could the wife Salvadore prevail on him to defer it. The reſt, without ſaying any thing, were of opinion with Elicio.

At ſupper that evening, each lover was placed next to his miſtreſs. As ſoon as their repaſt was over, they all aſſembled in the garden, they ſat down on ſeats of green turf in a beautiful arbour of vines, the moon ſhed her pureſt light, all was ſtill and peaceful. They wiſhed to finiſh with ſongs this happy day; one took his flute, another his pipe, they made a circle, in the midſt

of

of which was placed Meoris and Salvadore ;—and the lovers ſung theſe words :——

TIMBRIO.

The crowd of mortals weak and vain,
That ſtill on ſordid wealth attends,
I oft deſpiſed the ſelfiſh train
Who gold preferred to love or friends :

TIMBRIO.

Je mépriſois cette foule importune
De mortels dignes de pitié,
Qui laiſſent le repos, l'amour et l'amitié,
Pour courir après la fortune.

II.

My heart can pardon them from hence,
That they are right my feelings tell,
For wealth can happineſs diſpenſe;
But 'tis when we beſtow it well.

II.

Aujourd'hui mon cœur leur pardonne,
Et n'a plus de mépris pour eux:
Je ſens que l'argent rend heureux;
Mais c'eſt au moment qu'on le donne.

FABIAN.

FABIAN.

This day, my friends, we all can find,
From friendſhip's ſource what pleaſures flow,
What ſoft ſenſations fill the mind,
That happineſs can thus beſtow.

From thee, dear Blanche, I griev'd to part;
But ſure we here ſhall now find reſt,
With Timbrio, whoſe gen'rous heart,
Knows but one wiſh, to make all bleſt.

BLANCHE.

Long I doubted of thy truth,
Yet could never love thee leſs,
Sorrow prey'd upon my youth,
But leſſened not my tenderneſs;
Such grief I could no longer bear,
Had'ſt thou not come to end my care.

BLANCHE.

Long-temps j'ai douté de ta foi,
Sans rien perdre de ma tendreſſe;
Un jour de plus paſſé ſans toi,
J'allois mourir de ma triſteſſe.

Here

II.

Here let us paſs our ever tranquil days,
With all we love, in this ſweet village dwell:
Joyful I'll viſit oft thy hermit cell,
And pour my grateful ſoul to Heav'n in praiſe.

II.

J'ai retrouvé l' objet cher à mon cœur :
L'amour et l'amitié me fixent au village :
Pour rendre grace au ciel de mon bonheur,
J'irai ſouvent à l'hermitage.

ARTIDORE.

I once believ'd my ſhepherdeſs unkind,
This cruel error long diſturbed my mind;
My reaſon ſhook and drove me to deſpair,
Juſt puniſhment I own, yet ſure ſevere.

ARTIDORE.

J'ai cru ma bergere coupable
De la plus noire trahiſon,
Et la perte de ma raiſon
Punit un ſoupçon trop coupable.

But

II.

But now I ſee the maid whom I adore,
I feel my reaſon perfect as before;
Yet love forbear, or make my tranſports leſs,
My mind's not equal to ſuch happineſs.

II.

Je revois celle que j'adore,
Je ſens ma raiſon revenir:
Ah! ce n'eſt pas pour en jouir;
L'amour va me l'ôter encore.

GALATEA.

Do you remember well that happy day,
When firſt you ſtrove my youthful heart to move,
You pleaded ſweet, while at my feet you lay,
That I ſhould hear your vows of conſtant love.

GALATEE.

Te ſouviens-tu de ce beau jour
Où, d'un air ſi doux et ſi tendre,
Tu vins me ſupplier d'entendre
L'aveu de ton fidele amour?

I felt

II.

I felt my cheeks with modeſt bluſhes glow,
But pleaſure ſoon my virgin heart poſſeſt,
Your happineſs you aſk'd me to beſtow;
While all the time 'twas me you rend'red bleſt.

II.

Je t'écoutois, tout honteuſe;
Mais le plaiſir faiſoit battre mon cœur:
Tu me demandois ton bonheur,
Et c'étoit moi que tu rendois heureuſe.

ELICIO.

Oh! ſweet remembrance, ever happy hour,
Still was this balm to my deſpair apply'd;
That while I woo'd thee in this fragrant bow'r,
Thy eyes approv'd, tho' ſtill thy words denied;

ELICIO.

L'amitié ſuffiſoit pour embellir ma vie,
Et l'amour ſeul auroit fait mon bonheur:
J'obtiens tout; je poſſede une amante cherie,
Et mon ami devient mon bienfaiteur.

'Till

II.

'Till then with friendſhip paſs'd my life away,
In love alone, new comforts could I find,
I've found a maid that will my cares repay,
And in my friend a benefactor kind;
Unequall'd bliſs! Ah! how ſhall I expreſs
The tender ſentiments I this day prove,
My poor heart feels Content and Happineſs;
Thus bleſt in Friendſhip, and thus crown'd
by Love.

II.

Helas! comment pourrois-je dire
Les ſentiments que j'éprouve en ce jour?
Heureux par l'amitié, couronné par l'amour,
Mon pauvre cœur n'y peut ſuffire.

It

It was now time to retire. Blanche, Niſida and Teolinda remained with Galatea;—Timbrio, Fabian and Artidore went to the houſe of Salvadore. Before the dawn next day, the four lovers rapped at the door of Meoris. Timbrio and Fabian were already furniſhed with the ſcrip and the crook; all the inhabitants, inſtructed the evening before, had prepared during the night, fetes more brilliant than when they celebrated the nuptials of Daranio. They waited ſome time, becauſe the good Meoris was ſtill aſleep; but he ſoon appeared, followed by his daughter, Teolinda, Floriſe and the two ſiſters dreſſed as ſhepherdeſſes.

The

The worthy Elicio [redacted] gave his hand to Galatea, and led her to church in the midſt of repeated acclamations. Salvadore united the four lovers, and Heaven bleſt their union. All their wiſhes were accompliſhed; they were happy, lived long, and loved each other always. Their memory is ſtill honoured in the beautiful country in which they lived.

FINIS.